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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK FAILURE.

THE failure of the Bank of California has fallen upon the public like a thunder-clap; and the excitement has naturally enough been increased by the almost simultaneous announcement of the self-destruction of its President. Financially, in the first instance at

least, it must be regarded in the light of a calamity; for, in addition to the direct and immediate losses, it is feared that it may lead to disastrous results, not only on the Pacific Coast, but all over the Union. Morally it re-reads and enforces a lesson which our people seem slow to learn. Most undoubtedly this fresh failure is the result of unwise and extravagant speculation. So far as we know

the facts, it has been brought about, not by any outside or incalculable influence or misfortune, but by deliberate and systematic misdoing. Omnipotence is not granted to mortals, even if they should happen to be bank managers; neither is omniscience. It would seem as if the managers of the Bank of California believed themselves possessed of the one attribute, and as if they were re-

solved to possess themselves of the other. Not contented with a wealth which princes might have envied, they sought to make half a continent their own, to own its Senators and Congressmen, to control its Governors and Judges, and to make its vast mineral and agricultural resources contribute to their avaricious love of gold and their boundless ambition. Made mad, they have finally reached



SAN FRANCISCO.

SUSPENSION OF THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, AUGUST 26TH—SCENE ON CALIFORNIA STREET IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE FAILURE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON.—SEE PAGE 7.

the man's doom. The suicide of the President of the Bank, William C. Ralston, is— notwithstanding the fine personal characteristics which at once endeared him to his friends, and rendered him a leading representative man in the wide-awake, energetic community in which he lived—a fitting conclusion to the whole matter. It makes the tragedy complete.

This unhappy affair, however disastrous it may prove to be, will not have happened in vain if it should have the effect of restraining the spirit of self-confidence, of checking inordinate ambition, and of inducing a larger amount of caution, moderation and economy in all business transactions. It is too soon, as yet, to speak with confidence as to the effects of the failure in the Eastern and Atlantic States. It is gratifying, however, to know that the bankers and merchants of New York speak as if they apprehended no serious consequences.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 11, 1875.

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OUR NEW VOLUME.

THE present Number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is in itself a sufficient preface to our Forty-first Volume. It is almost superfluous to say that we are more thoroughly equipped than ever before with the means requisite to sustain and even surpass the reputation which this journal has acquired, on both sides of the Atlantic, since it first appeared on December 15th, 1855, as the pioneer of illustrated journalism in America. The coming year, with its patriotic, historical festivals and with its Centennial International Exhibition at Philadelphia, will afford unusually abundant materials for illustration. And we need scarcely assure our readers that in future, as heretofore, no pains will be spared in order to accomplish our main purpose of supplying a prompt, vivid and authentic pictorial record of current events, of reflecting the spirit of the age, of "showing the very age and body of the time his form and pressure"; in fine, of making, in the fullest sense of our title, an ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

THE BURGLARS—WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

EVERY day is bringing with it fresh evidence of the audacity of our criminal classes. The first three days of last week were made memorable in the annals of crime by attempts at housebreaking than which it would be difficult to find more daring examples in any age or among any people. We refer to the Greenwich Street case, which, in addition to his loss of valuable personal property, has cost Mr. Noe his life—to the West Fifty-fourth Street case, in which, although the designs of the burglars were frustrated, Dr. Hammond had the narrowest possible escape from the deadly pistol-shot of one of the three desperadoes—to the East Seventeenth Street case, which, as the house was entered and explored, room after room,

the family being at home, must in point of cool audacity be declared to exceed the other two. We single out these cases not because they are solitary or extreme specimens, but because they are fair, average examples of the kind of crime which exists and flourishes in the midst of us.

Let us look at each of these cases a little more closely. Mr. James H. Noe lived at 21 King Street, and did business at 275 Greenwich Street. On Sunday morning, the 22d ultimo, at an early hour, Mr. Noe feeling, as he has said, uneasy about his store, mainly in consequence of a new adjoining building from which access to his premises would be easy, left his home and visited his place of business. As he reached the upper story, he heard footsteps on the roof; and in an instant the skylight was wrenched from its hinges. Seeing a man above, Mr. Noe rushed up the steps, collared him and dragged him down. The burglar made but little resistance. No sooner was he down the steps, however, when he seized a bar of iron which was lying close by; and with this, and before Mr. Noe had time to arm himself, he dealt his captor blow after blow on the head, felling him to the ground. Mr. Noe was then tied and gagged; his pockets were rifled; his watch and chain, valued at five hundred dollars, and twenty-five dollars in money, were taken from his person. Recovering his consciousness slightly and by a violent effort getting the gag out of his mouth, he saw the burglar washing the blood off his hands, and asked him despairingly for a drink of water. "No, sir," said the burglar, with the coolness of a fiend. "I'd get twenty years, if I'd do that." Mr. Noe would have at once perished but for the woman in the neighboring house 273, who heard his screams, and at considerable peril to her own life found him by reaching the roof and descending through the same skylight. On Thursday evening, August 26, Mr. Noe died. The case of Dr. Hammond is equally instructive. The doctor's family had been in the country, whence he had returned to the city on some special business, only a few days before. The only persons in the house were the doctor and a female servant. Evidently the house had been reconnoitred; and the presumption is that the burglars were ignorant of the doctor's return home, and, perhaps, of the presence of any one in the house. About two hours before daylight on the morning of Tuesday, the 24th ult., the doctor was aroused by the violent ringing of his burglar-alarm. Springing to his feet, and arming himself with what is called a horse-pistol, he hurried to his front room, and there discovered by the indicator that his office-window in the rear of the first story had been tampered with. A wire in the doctor's house communicates with the nearest office of the District Telegraph Company. Having pulled this wire, he hurried to the bath-room, where he had a full view of the office-window and of the yard in the rear. He saw three men—one clinging to the sill of the office-window and trying to pull himself in, one about twenty feet from the house and beyond the fence which incloses the narrow yard, and the third about midway between the fence and the house, in the yard. Lifting his bathroom-window, he saw that the first one had succeeded in getting up and into his office. Raising his pistol, he fired at the man in the yard. The burglar uttered a cry and staggered against the fence. The doctor was in his night-dress; and the tall, white form could be distinctly seen by the man beyond the fence. Quick as lightning, exclaiming with an oath, "Is that your game?" this burglar fired, hitting the doctor in the forehead, close to the right temple. The bullet glanced off the bone, made an ugly gash, and penetrated the bathroom-wall. Nothing daunted, Dr. Hammond continued to fire; but, with a bravery worthy of a better cause, the two burglars, heedless of the doctor's bullets, seized their wounded companion, helped him over the fence, the three disappearing in the darkness. In a few minutes the telegraph had done its work; the house was surrounded by the police, but the burglars had escaped.

The third case may be repeated more in brief, for the reason that the burglars have fortunately been captured. At about two o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 25th ult., two burglars entered the house 345 East Seventeenth Street. The gas in the hall had not been extinguished—an evidence that the family were at home. The burglars turned it full on, and then proceeded to their work. The house is occupied by Mr. Gottsberger and family. Room after room was explored, until the burglars encountered Mr. Gottsberger, Sr. In the course of the struggle they got into the room where slept his two sons. At this stage one of the burglars fled, the struggle continuing between the other and the three Gottsbergers. Ultimately, when the Gottsbergers released their grasp, the bruised and bleeding burglar crawled to the window, and, in endeavoring to get out, fell into the yard, a distance of about ten feet, where he was soon afterwards picked up insensible. The other burglar was captured while in the act of peeping through the keyhole to learn the fate of his friend. Both are now in custody.

We have been circumstantial in the statement of these three cases, because, in our judgment, they carry with them their own lesson. Nothing that we can say can more eloquently or effectively convey the needed lesson than the mere recital of these stories.

It is clear, beyond all manner of doubt, that we have in the midst of us a large, a powerful, an intelligent and a well-disciplined class who are living in a state of open war with the respectable and propertied classes. In the conduct of this war, the enemy is, as a general rule, well supplied with arms and well-skilled in the use of them. They enter our places of business and our homes, not in the first instance for the purpose of killing, but prepared to deal death all round, if killing is necessary to enable them to accomplish their original purpose or to effect their escape. They have for so long a time carried on their infernal business with comparative impunity, that they laugh at the law and despise the police. Immunity from punishment has made them reckless and audacious in an extreme degree. Formerly they courted the midnight and the darkness; but now they are not afraid to pursue their calling in the broad light of day. Nor are they any longer deterred by the known presence of the inmates of the establishment on which they have made up their minds to operate. In each of the above cited cases we find strikingly revealed one or more of the prominent characteristics of this dangerous class. In the first, we see the cold, fiendish, brutal heartlessness which refused the cup of water. "No, sir; I'd get twenty years if I'd do that." In the second we see the trained hand of the skillful marksman. Quick as lightning he hit the doctor on the forehead; and it is evident, from the aim, that he meant to kill. In the third we see the very climax of audacity. The gas is dimly lit in the hall. They turn it on full blaze. There are sounds and signs of life in the house; a servant calls, "Who's there?" but they go on as if the house was uninhabited.

What is to be done with this class of people? In the first place, we must catch them. This, at present, we do not do. A more incompetent police than that of New York never existed. Improvement of the police is not, however, impossible. In the second place, we must punish them when we do catch them. This, at present, we do not do. The State's Prison has no terrors for them. They dislike it because it deprives them of their liberty; but this is all. One thing they do dread, even more, we believe, than the gallows, and that is, corporal punishment. We go for the cat-o-nine tails. Let the whip be judiciously applied, and we shall begin to leave our stores with a feeling of security, and to lay our heads on our pillow without the dread of the burglar's billy.

CREDIT OR DISCREDIT.

IT is not strange that men who despise the truths of political economy, and pride themselves on rejecting its principles, without ever having given them any examination, should use the terms of that science in a sense quite contrary to their accepted meaning. We often hear it said that the greenbacks owe their value to the credit of the Government; that the credit of the Government is better than that of any bank, and that the property of every individual in the country is the basis on which the credit of the greenback rests. All these assertions, and a score of others like them, are erroneous.

The value of the greenbacks is mainly due to these circumstances: (1) That the use of some article or other as money is indispensable in a civilized nation; (2) That the Government by the exertion of a power not given to it by the Constitution, but, rightly or wrongly, and wrongly, as we think, deemed necessary for its preservation, created a substitute for gold and silver as the instrument of exchange, and gave that substitute a forced circulation by making it a legal tender for debts; (3) That this substitute having been issued under a condition of things of a nature to cause distrust, and in immense quantities, almost instantly fell to a discount as compared with gold and silver, the effect of which was that those metals, in accordance with a well-known law, ceased to be used as the money, thus leaving the whole field to the paper. Any one who carefully considers these circumstances will see that the greenback is the money of the United States by virtue of the legal-tender act, and owes its value as money to the enforcement of that law, and not at all to the popular estimate of the credit of the Government. The credit of a promise to pay issued by an individual or corporation is the opinion which the public have of the ability and willingness of the issuer to pay the promise. Previously to the war we had an abundance of bank-notes, promising to pay specie to the bearer. Whenever for good cause it came to be doubted by any considerable number of people that the bank could not redeem its notes in specie, or in something voluntarily accepted by the note-holder as the equivalent of gold and silver coin, the notes of that bank became discredited and were no longer received at par as money.

It is a well-known fact that, in spite of the legal-tender act, the greenbacks of the United States have constantly been at a discount as compared with the gold dollars they promise to pay. This discount since 1868 has ranged at from ten to twenty per cent. If the value of the greenback rests on the credit of the Government alone, it is evident that the Government's credit is not sufficient to maintain the paper at par. If the value of the greenback varies with the credit of the Government, which we

deny to be the fact, except under very extraordinary circumstances, how can we account for the fluctuations in the price of gold? Is the credit of the Government not as good now as it was in the midst of the panic of 1873? If it is, why is the discount on its paper nearly twice as great now as it was in that panic? We maintain that the price of gold indicates simply the fluctuating value in paper money of an article of export, limited here in its uses, and varying widely in its market supply. That article, nevertheless, is what the greenback is, a promise to deliver, and the gold premium measures the discredit in which the promise is held.

It cannot be said with any show of accuracy that the credit of the Government is better than that of any bank. The credit of many banks—that, for instance, of the Bank of England—is perfect, and nothing can be more perfect. Neither can it be said that the credit of a Government is more likely to last a longer time than that of any bank. We think the experience of the last two hundred years would show that Governments in Europe and America have been much oftener in discredit, and as often actually insolvent, in proportion to their number, as have the banks.

It would, we think, be as correct to say that the credit of the New York Central Railroad rests on the entire property of the inhabitants of the towns, cities and counties through which it runs, as to assert that the credit of the United States is based on the whole property of the country. The railroad company derives a varying, but limited, revenue from the charges imposed on the persons who use the road. The Government enjoys a similar income, not quite as definitely limited, but limited, nevertheless, from the taxes. On those taxes, and on nothing else, the credit of the Government rests. When the resources furnished by the taxes are exhausted, the ability of the Government to pay its expenses and debts has reached a limit it cannot pass, though thousands of millions may remain in possession of individuals. The Government now enjoys a surplus revenue of about twenty million dollars a year, and a gross income of three hundred millions, out of which its expenditures must be paid. Physically considered, the credit of the Government is good enough, but it is an absurd contradiction to talk of the credit of a debtor who has failed for nearly fourteen years to fulfill his promises. The only proper word to use in such a case is *discredit*.

THE NEGRO TROUBLE IN GEORGIA.

SOME few days ago the telegraph made known to us the fact that a conspiracy of a serious character had been discovered among the negro population of Georgia. It was at the same time intimated that, as the discovery implied defeat, the insurrection was no longer a thing to be dreaded. Full details of the affair have since appeared in the daily papers. The details are full of interest; and although they are calculated to remove some of the alarm which the first report created, they are yet of such a nature as to create a feeling of distrust regarding many of our colored fellow-citizens of the South.

It appears that the conspiracy was widespread; that it was stronger in the cotton-growing districts than in the towns or in the immediate neighborhood thereof; that it included many thousands of negroes, among whom were a considerable number of so-called "Generals" and "Reverends"; and that its objects were the murder of the whites, and the seizure of their property. One witness testified that the conspiracy extended over Washington, Laurens, Johnson, and sixteen other counties which he could not name. Almost all of the witnesses, as yet examined, agree as to the prominence of certain leaders. Chief among these are "General" P. R. Rivers, a South Carolina negro militia general; "General" Joe Morris, a Georgian, in some way connected with the militia, and notoriously fond of exhibiting himself in the costume of a general; a Baptist clergyman by the name of Simmons, a Methodist clergyman by the name of Lawson, and others of like position and character. As to the object of the proposed insurrection, the "confessions" are remarkably agreed. It is quite manifest that many of the poor people had allowed themselves to be carried away by the tall talk of their military and clerical leaders, and that they believed the hour had come when the wrath of the Lord should, at their hands, be visited on their white neighbors, when they should enter upon their possessions, and feed upon the fat of the land. All the white men and the "ugly women" were to be killed—even the children were not to be spared. After the murderous work had been done, a mass-meeting was to be held, and distribution of the property made. The general understanding was that they were "going to get equality." The lands were to be seized and divided equally into patches of forty acres each. "Forty acres and a mule" seems to have been the irresistible bait held out by the insurrectionary demagogues. All the money of the planters was to be put into a common treasury and to be used for the common good. As an evidence of the intellectual cali-

bre and capacity of some of the so-called conspirators, one witness testified that they were to kill all the whites, hold a mass-meeting, and give the whites as little of the crops as they thought fit—evidently not able to get into his weak and muddled brain the idea that when the whites were all killed they would not be greatly in need of any share of the crops. Another proof of the same kind is furnished by the fact that General Grant was held up before them as the great object of terror. If the conspirators violated their oath, "they were to be handed over to 'Grant,' who would punish them." It ought to be some consolation to President Grant to know—if consolation is possible in the premises—that in a region and among a people where such influence is needed, his name is still a terror to evil-doers.

Happily for all concerned, whatever evil was involved in the conspiracy has for the present been arrested. Happily also the discovery and defeat of the plot have not impelled the imperiled whites to a rash, sweeping and bloody revenge. It is impossible, indeed, to bestow too much praise on the white gentlemen of the South for their calmness, their self-possession, their magnanimity, in circumstances so provocative of revenge. Well might Governor Smith say, in addressing them, "You have acted in this matter like true Georgians. Such a spectacle of forbearance as this, under such terrible provocation to violence, the world has never before witnessed." While we congratulate the planters of Georgia that they have escaped what might have proved a terrible butchery, we congratulate them even more that they have been able to restrain the hand of vengeance which a people less cultured or less accustomed to rule would have allowed to fall with deadly and destructive effect. In calmness and with passions undisturbed by surrounding trouble, the Government can proceed to investigate into the whole affair. It is undeniable that a great danger has been narrowly avoided, and this danger resulted from a bad state of feeling which seems to prevail among the negroes of the South. It is for the Government to discover the cause of that bad state of feeling and apply a remedy, if possible. But it is primarily the duty of the Government to discover and bring to justice the ringleaders in this foul conspiracy. Let care be taken of the ignorant and those who have been led out of the way by wicked and designing, if also blind and foolish leaders. But, by all means, let the leaders be brought to punishment; and let the punishment be such that it will be a terror to all such evil-doers in the future. Let it be conspicuous, that all may see and know it. Let it be severe, that all may dread it. We owe all this to the Southern planter. We owe nothing less.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING AUGUST 28, 1875.

Monday.....	113 1/4 @ 113 1/2	Thursday.....	113 1/4 @ 113 1/2
Tuesday.....	113 1/4 @ 113 1/2	Friday.....	113 1/4 @ 114 1/2
Wednesday.....	113 1/4 @ 113 1/2	Saturday.....	113 1/4 @ 114 1/2

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE INQUEST into the death of Mr. Ralston, of San Francisco, has developed testimony which renders it doubtful whether he committed suicide.

THE ONLY FALL ELECTIONS will take place in California, September 1st; in Arkansas, September 6th, when a new Legislature is to be chosen; in New Jersey, September 7th, when the proposed amendments to the State Constitution will be voted upon; and in Maine, September 13th.

THE NEW POLITICAL PARTY, called the National Union, formed in Boston to support General Banks for President and L. Q. C. Lamar for Vice-President, may, with its thirty thousand clubs throughout the country, serve at least to indicate that the time has come for an era of reconciliation.

CHINA AND GREAT BRITAIN.—The British people, it would appear, are likely to have serious trouble in the Far East. They have not yet got rid of their difficulty with Burma; and now they are reported to be in fresh trouble with China. A war with China is no pleasant prospect for the British taxpayer, but it might do some good to the world generally in these stagnant times.

OFFICIAL ABSENTEEISM has found a new denunciator in Senator Morton, who, during a recent visit to Washington, had business himself to transact, which it was impossible to do on account of the absence of certain high officials. The irate Senator is said to have freely declared that since Cabinet officers are paid large salaries by the people, they ought to stay at their posts. Who can contradict him?

GOVERNOR INGERSOLL of Connecticut has appointed Messrs. Wheeler, King-bury, Learned, Mailor, Coe, Loomis and Earl on the Board of Managers to secure a proper representation of Connecticut at the Centennial in Philadelphia next year. Governor Tilden, it is said, has under consideration the names of several gentlemen as appointees to represent the State of New York at the Philadelphia Centennial.

GOVERNOR TILDEN'S direction to the Attorney-General to act in regard to the money fraudulently obtained by Canal Contractor Johnson; the arrest of George D. Lord for bribery in the Legislature; the restitution by L. J. Bennett, canal contractor, of \$12,000 fraudulently obtained; and the arrest of Canal Appraiser Davis for complicity with the fraud contract fraud, surely suffice to show that "words, words, words," are by no means the only weapons with which our worthy Governor is waging war against the Canal Ring.

THE TRIPOLI AFFAIR.—It has for a few days past seemed possible that the United States should have occasion to revive the memory of a former scuffle with Tripoli, by repeating the castigation. Happily, the difficulty is ended, and it will not be necessary to fit a fleet and send it to the Mediterranean. It seems to have been a paltry affair from the first. Ancient memories may possibly have made the American Consul slightly too sensitive. If he erred, however, his motives were unquestionably patriotic. It is well always to maintain the dignity of the flag.

Mr. Moody's estimate and use of the Holy Bible are "intensely materialistic," in the opinion of Rev. Harry Jones, a Broad Churchman, who, in a letter to the *London Times*, out-Moody's Moody by saying of the American evangelist: "He believes apparently, in what I might term the *chemistry of hell and the jeremiad of heaven*. Indeed, he is so materialistic that his materialism loses its force as such, and, inviting a parabolic interpretation which in its way is almost scriptural, fails to offend. His intense realization of Bible language makes him, so to speak, a prophet without knowing it."

THE CANALS.—The investigation into the misdoings of the Canal Commissioners still proceeds, and with results which fully justify the action of Governor Tilden regarding them. The evidence given by Mr. C. A. Sweet, on Thursday, August 26, was of a piece with the villainy which has already been brought to light. Contracts, it seems, were of little value as against the will of the resident engineer. The contracts were only a blind to deceive the public. So long as obedience to the will of the engineer paid, the contractor is hardly to be blamed. Certainly he is less to blame than the engineer who deliberately and of purpose defrauds the State.

SECRETARY ROBESON has been lavishly praised on account of manifesting solicitude for the health and comfort of the Navy, by ordering the *Powhatan* East, in order to permit her crew to recuperate after being exposed to the insalubrious climate of Darien. Last Winter the *Powhatan* was sent to Europe, whence she returned, it is said, laden with silks and wines for certain nameless high officials at Washington. After her return to the United States she was sent down with the crew of the *Omaha*. She remained ten days at Aspinwall, steaming down and up. Now, the *Canadaigua* was over five months about the Isthmus, and has been kept in a hot climate. The crew is "used up," and it needs a change of climate much more than the fancy cruises of the *Powhatan*. Why shouldn't the Secretary of the Navy be reminded that if it is well to be generous, it is still better to be just?

THE GREATEST FEAT OF THE CENTURY.—At last the great feat which has so often been talked of—that of swimming across the English Channel—has been successfully accomplished. On Tuesday, the 26th ult., Captain Webb started from Dover, and, after having been in the water twenty-two hours and fifty-three minutes, he arrived in Calais about noon of the following day. No such feat has ever before been attempted. It differs altogether from the experiment made quite recently by the American Captain Boyton. Boyton accomplished his feat by the aid of scientific apparatus. Webb's was accomplished by unaided human skill and endurance. In this respect, Webb's effort stands entirely alone. It is the grandest triumph of the kind in the entire history of the race. Webb has effectively displaced two of the world's favorite heroes, Leander and Lord Byron have been eclipsed, and we shall hear no more of the swimming of the Hellespont.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.—Reconciliation between Germany and Rome begins to assume the character of possibility. The Prince Bishop of Breslau is both an Austrian and a German bishop. It is his desire to see the present unpleasantness ended; and so, through the Papal Nuncio at Vienna, he is exerting himself to bring about a good understanding between the Pope and the Emperor. We know no good reason why peace should not be restored. In times gone by Prussia had fewer ecclesiastical difficulties than any country on the face of the earth, although her population was, religiously, mixed. The Church did not go out of her own sphere to interfere with affairs of state; and the Government left the Church undisturbed. The Church must respect and trust the institutions of the recreated German Empire, as it did the institutions of the Prussian Kingdom. If it does so, it will find the House of Hohenzollern faithful and just, as of old. Bismarck, however, will have no *imperium in imperio*. He does not understand the principle of divided allegiance.

THE FLATBUSH ASYLUM.—The exposures made by the man Magee of the conduct of the officials in Flatbush Asylum has already led to some practical, and we trust, beneficial results. An impartial review of the testimony of Magee was read before the Commissioners by Chairman Norris. The conduct of the nurses was severely condemned; and Bachmeyer and Eigelhofer, the accused, were ordered to be discharged. It is ordered that hereafter all the halls and rooms in which patients are confined shall be visited morning, noon and at bedtime by the medical superintendent or one of his assistants. There is great need that these medical superintendents be carefully watched; for these positions are too apt to be regarded by their occupants as irresponsible sinecures. At the present moment, when the public mind is aroused on the general subject, it might be well to overhaul all our public institutions. Wherever charity is dispensed and wherever the unfortunate are at the mercy of their guardians or keepers or teachers or nurses, public vigilance should be sleepless. We need a man like Bergh. He is doing good work. But there is room and there is work for many such men in spheres more directly humane. Our blind schools, our deaf and dumb schools, and other such institutions—all need attention.

LORD HOUGHTON, better known to some of our older readers as Richard Monkton Milnes, has arrived in Canada. Lord Houghton intends making an extended tour throughout Canada and the

United States. His Lordship is now in the sixty-sixth year of his age. It says much for him that at his advanced time of life he should undertake a voyage across the Atlantic. Lord Houghton has always been a friend of the United States, and, in spite of his title, an admirer of our institutions. Not a few of our people have found in him a friend and adviser. In this country he will see much to justify his early and enthusiastic love for civil and religious liberty. Among the literary men of England, Lord Houghton occupies a high and honored place. He is an accomplished scholar. As a writer he has won distinction, both in prose and verse. His life of Keats has long been familiar to the reading public; and his "Literary Monographs," recently published, have placed him in the very front rank of literary critics. A poet himself of no mean merit, he has often discovered and encouraged poetry in others. His admiration of Keats was intense; and the kindly assistance he gave to poor David Grey, the author of the "Lugie and other Poems," proved him to be a man of heart as well as of head. Swinburne is one of his poetical children; and if Swinburne has in some things disappointed and vexed, it ought not to be forgotten that he has added considerably to the wealth of the English tongue, and written some things that will never die. We bespeak for Lord Houghton a hearty welcome.

PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE has undertaken in England two new objects: one, the almost indefinite extension of the holiday movement, and the other, a provision that no animals below the dignity of human kind shall be left to wander the streets of London houseless by night. A gentleman wrote to the *Times*, in anticipation of the close of the season, on the subject of "A Horse's Vacation." Gentlemen's gentlemen are, it appears, prone to outings in August and September, and the used-up quadrupeds get no rest. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is equally eloquent in the case of cats left behind at the close of the season, or in event of people changing their habitation. Dr. Davies says, in noting these latest signs of the times, that "it must be as bad for the cats as the horses; but there are, it should be remembered, human hacks, who get no rest throughout August and September, when their more fortunate brethren are expatiating on the moor, or in the cover. Poor little street-arabs creep catlike about the stones of London, always left behind in the march of civilization, perpetually made to move on by the progressive policeman. Let us devise some recreation, some resource, for these before we enter into the ideal regions of rest for horses and resources for cats. Have not each of these their national protector in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? But the overworked author or curate, and their even less fortunate brother, the City Bedouin, have no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Human Beings who will look after their interests." Here in New York we are happily so far in advance of London, that the Floating Hospital of St. John's Guild, and Mr. Williams's Free Excursions for Children, are now established institutions, and Mr. Bergh would probably favor vacations for overworked newspaper-men as well as for horses.

THE UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL BOARD OF FINANCE has issued an earnest appeal to the country for immediate additional subscriptions to the Centennial stock, in order that the buildings, which are now progressing finely, may not be completed before the full amount to pay for them shall have been accumulated. The contracts for all the buildings for the Centennial Exhibition require them to be completed by the 1st of January next. The Board of Finance have thus far been enabled to adhere to the policy of paying their building bills and all other expenses as they become due. They know that course to be the best economy for the stockholders, as well as the only sound policy. The Board will need to be supplied with \$1,000,000 additional, for building purposes alone, in the last four months of this year, to pay the contractors what will be due them during September, October, November and December. This is exclusive of the amount that will be necessary for the preparation and completion of the grounds, the decoration of the buildings, and the expenditures for administration, which will be payable in the first four months of 1876. The majestic proportions of the buildings as they now stand, and their wonderful progress, are creditable in the highest degree to the whole country, as well as to the citizens, corporations and States who have thus far contributed to the fund; and their present condition and the energy with which they have been pressed forward should of themselves bring to the aid of the Board of Finance that large body of their fellow-citizens who have not as yet added their names to the subscription fund. It is to be hoped that the appeal of the Board will meet with a prompt and hearty response. It is this connection we must not omit to remind all eleventh-hour applicants for admission as exhibitors that the Centennial officials intend to close the door, early in September, to further applications for space in the American Department of the Exhibition. "A few months ago," says the Philadelphia correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, "there were a great many people who doubted the success of the International feature of the Centennial. Foreigners would not send costly goods across the Atlantic, it was argued. Now the only apprehension felt by the active friends of the enterprise is that our own country will not be fully represented. Most of the great nations of Europe have taken all the space assigned them, and eagerly ask for an additional allowance, but there is more than one State of the Union which will not make anything like a creditable show of her products, if present indications are to be trusted. A scrutiny of the applications for space thus far received will, I am informed, not only show certain States to be inexcusably delinquent, but will reveal the inadequate representation, if not the entire absence, of several important national industries." Surely, this ought not so to be. Alike the spirit of competition and the spirit of patriotism should forbid so lame and impotent a conclusion.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE members of the American Rifle Team had a reception at the City Hall. All the assistant engineers and clerks on the New York canals in the Eastern Division were discharged. A company was formed to construct a narrow-gauge railroad from Omaha to the Black Hills. Illinois and Minnesota were visited by heavy frosts, which injured the corn severely. A fourth report was submitted to Governor Tilden by the Special Canal Commission, and the Attorney General was notified to begin suit against Willard Johnson to recover moneys paid on a fraudulent contract. The single-scutt championship of New York was won at Saratoga by Charles E. Courtney. Coyle was again defeated by Johnson, in a swimming-match on the Delaware. The management of the King's County (N. Y.) Hospital was under investigation. The "Greenback" mass meeting at Detroit was shrimly attended, and Mr. Kelley was the principal speaker. Eight weiss-beer breweries were seized in Philadelphia. Several Democratic County Conventions in New York instructed delegates to the State Convention to vote only for men in favor of canal reform. General T. S. Dakin, of the American Rifle team, was given a banquet by his friends in Brooklyn. Notices of issue were filed in the various suits brought by Theodore Tilton. A cricket match between American, Canadian and English teams is to be played in Philadelphia this month. It was reported that the New Jersey State Treasurer had defaulted to the amount of \$80,000. The Indian Investigation Committee started for home, and will meet in Washington September 9th. William Welsh addressed a fourth letter to Professor Marsh on Indian matters. Judge Martin Grover, of the New York Court of Appeals, died on the 23d ult. The firm of Sterling, Alrena & Co., of Baltimore, the largest sugar importers in the United States, failed, with \$2,500,000 liabilities. James H. Noe, the Greenwich Street (New York) brush merchant, died from the effects of his fight with a burglar. The Bank of California, controlled by some of the richest men on the Pacific Slope, suspended, and all mining stocks immediately tumbled down. The Rev. Cyrus Nutt, D.D. and L.L.D., for fifteen years President of the Indiana State University, died at Bloomington on the 23d ult. An Evangelical Convention, formed for the purpose of uniting all Protestant denominations, was held at Cape May, N. J., September 1st, 2d and 3d. A New Hampshire Veterans Association was formed at Concord. The Commissioners of Schuylkill County, Pa., were convicted of misappropriation of public funds. Mrs. Abraham Lincoln was pronounced entirely recovered. A portrait of the late General Frank P. Blair was placed in the Capitol at Jefferson City, Mo. Colonel Harry Rockafellar, of the Seventy-first Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., died in Orange, N. J., on the 23d ult., aged 35. There are 80,000 applications for pension pending at Washington. The Mississippi State Republican Convention was held at Jackson, and the administration of Governor Ames unqualifiedly endorsed. At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Union League in Philadelphia a movement was inaugurated to combine all elements of opposition to the Democratic Party in the South. An extra meeting was held last week at the Monmouth Park (N. J.) Racecourse. Edward H. Tracy, Chief Engineer of the Croton Aqueduct Board, died on the 28th, aged 58. The annual session of the Maryland State Teachers' Association was held last week at Cumberland. William C. Ralston, President of the Bank of California, which suspended on the 26th ult., committed suicide by drowning, on the 27th. The National Gold Bank and Trust Company and the Merchants' Bank in San Francisco suspended. Assemblyman George D. Lord was arrested for bribery in connection with New York Canal frauds. The 126th anniversary of Goethe's birthday was celebrated at Gilmore's Garden, New York, on the 28th ult. J. G. Shaw & Co., blank book manufacturers of New York, filed a petition in bankruptcy. Their liabilities are \$420,344, and assets, \$92,652.

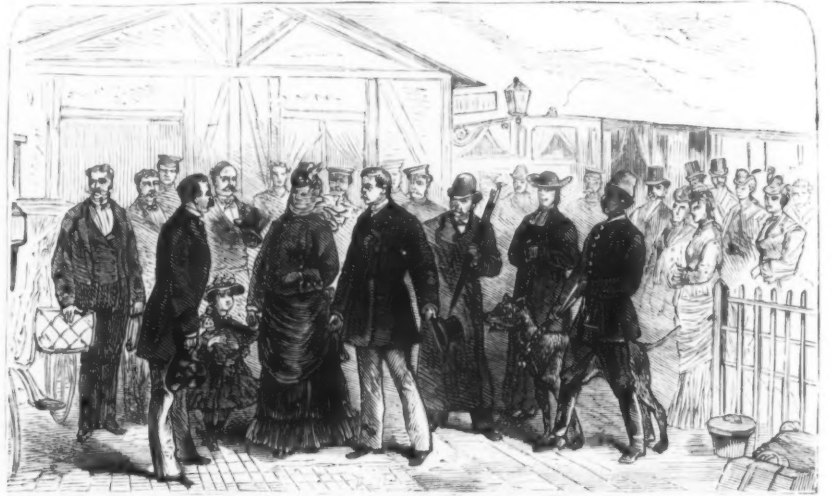
FOREIGN.

THE Alfontist troops cut off the water supply of the citadel of Seo de Urgel. A falling off in the quantity and quality of the wheat-crop in Hungary and Austria was reported. Reinforcements were received by the besiegers at Trebigne. In the investigation of the *Abbottford* steamship disaster, the British Court of Inquiry considered that there was gross negligence in calculations, but restored the captain's certificate. Terms of surrender were asked by the garrison of Seo de Urgel. Commander Goodenough, in charge of H. M. S. *Pearl*, was shot by the natives at Carlish Bay, with a poisoned arrow, and lived only a short time. Turkey began concentrating troops near Nissa. Two American war-vessels arrived at Tripoli to demand satisfaction for the recent insult to the American Consul. A banquet was given by the Corporation of Southampton, England, to Admiral Worden, and the officers of the United States fleet. A conditional offer to recognize the Khan of Khokand was made by the Russian General Kaufman. Particulars received from Ecuador showed that President Moreno was assassinated by Captain Raza, who was himself killed shortly after. Captain Webb, of the British Army, succeeded in swimming from Dover to Calais in twenty-one hours, without any buoyant dress. The unconditional surrender of Seo de Urgel was demanded by General Campos. Spain decided to send 22,000 additional troops to Cuba. The difficulty between Great Britain and China was settled peaceably. A revolution broke out in Santo Domingo, and ex-President Baez was proclaimed President. The chief and five associate editors of the *Frankfort (Germany) Zeitung* were arrested for refusing to testify as to the authorship of certain articles. Fourteen dry-goods firms in Montreal, Canada, failed last week. A majority of the coroner's jury were in favor of a verdict of manslaughter against the officers of the British Royal yacht which ran down the *Mistletoe*. The Pope sent a special blessing to the German Catholics about entering on a pilgrimage into France. Turkish troops forcibly entered the Bakova Convent, near the Serbian frontier, and the inhabitants of Novarosch revolted, and burned the principal city. Agents of the French Canadians in the United States are trying to secure ground for a settlement at or near Quebec. The American Consul at Tripoli withdrew with his family to Malta. Breadstuffs made another advance at Toronto. Admiral Worden was obliged to decline the invitation to a banquet tendered by the Mayor of Portsmouth, England, as he had orders to remove his fleet. Mme. MacMahon gave a grand *fete* in the Garden of the Tuileries, on the 29th ult., for the benefit of the sufferers by the recent floods. Albert Cohn & Co., merchants of London, failed, with \$600,000 liabilities. A revolution in Uruguay is impending. An Austrian army was collected in Dalmatia, to aid Turkey if necessary. There were rumors of a serious misunderstanding between Great Britain and China. The State of Panama declared war against the Government of Colombia. Serbia gave the insurgent Herzegovinians the support of public opinion. The Canadian exporters are much excited because the Secretary of the American Treasury declines to revise the order relating to the transit of goods in sealed cars, which decision is held to be a violation of the Treaty of Washington. A large amount of counterfeit coin, supposed to come from the United States, was discovered in Hamilton, Canada. An apology was made the American Consul by the Tripoli authorities.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 7.



GERMANY.—EXPERIMENTS IN THE FORTS AROUND STRASBOURG WITH A NEW SYSTEM OF MILITARY TELEGRAPHING.



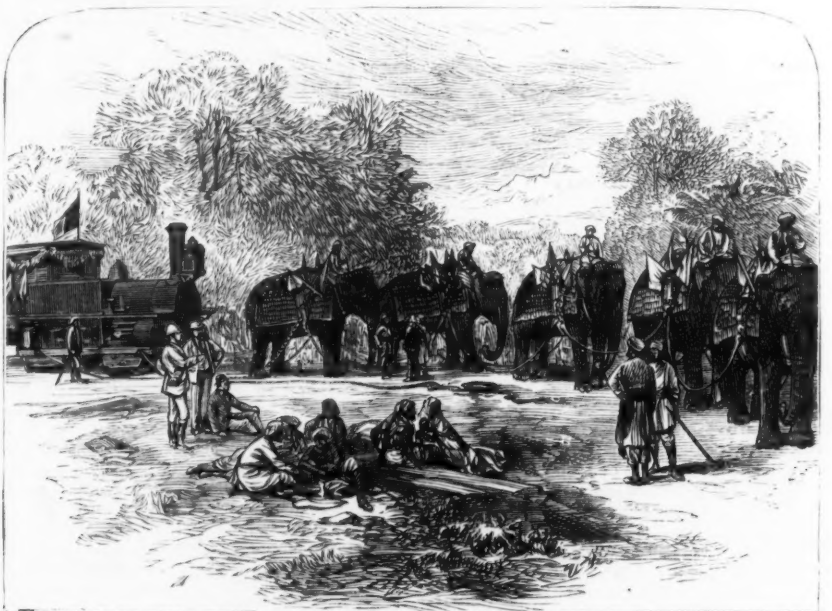
FRANCE.—THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA RECEIVED BY THE MAYOR OF FÉCAMP.



FRANCE.—INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS AT PARIS—ADMIRAL LARONCIÈRE LE NOURY, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, TAKES THE CHAIR.



IRELAND.—THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY AT DUBLIN—A LIVELY SCENE AT THE BANQUET IN THE EXHIBITION PALACE.



CENTRAL INDIA.—ENTRANCE OF THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE INTO INDORE.



ITALY.—THE REGATTA AT GENOA, JULY 25TH—IN FRONT OF THE PAVILION OF THE PRINCESS MARGHERITA.

THE JACKSON BRONZE.

SOON after the close of the Rebellion a few gentlemen in England, who had long been admirers of the late General Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, of the Confederate Army, gave a commission to John Foley, R. A., since deceased, for a bronze statue, of heroic size, of the brave soldier. Mr. Foley completed the model, and the casting, by the Messrs. Manfield, of Chelsea, England, was nearly finished when the distinguished sculptor died. The statue was displayed at the late Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and is now on its way to this country as a gift to the State of Virginia. A large amount of money was raised by contribution in Richmond to provide a suitable pedestal, and a committee has arranged for the reception of the bronze and its formal dedication in September.

General Thomas J. Jackson was born at Clarksburg, Harrison County, Va., in 1824. At the age of three he was left a penniless orphan, and, after seeking shelter among his relatives, he was adopted by an uncle, with whom he lived until he was sixteen years of age. He graduated at the West Point Military Academy, in the same class with Generals McClellan, Foster, Reno, A. P. Hill, the late George E. Pickett, and ranking seventeenth in his "general standing." From the theory of war he passed immediately to the practice, receiving an assignment to the First Regiment of Heavy Artillery, then en route for Mexico. For gallant services and heroic conduct at Vera Cruz, Contreras, Churubusco and Chapultepec, he rose through the regular grades to a majority, in the space of seven months. In 1861 he was elected a professor in the Military Institute at Lexington, Va., where he remained until the State seceded, when, at a half-day's notice, he resigned, and started for Richmond. On the 3d of May, 1861, he took command of the forces collected at Harper's Ferry, and organized them with a well-drilled and confident army corps. In the latter part of the month he formed his famous "Stonewall Brigade," and in July was appointed a Brigadier-General. From the first battle of Bull Run up to that of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, he was engaged in all the actions in Virginia. As he was returning from a reconnoitring of the enemy's position, and had got within twenty paces of his own lines, he received several bullets, from the effects of which he died on the 10th. The remains were taken to Richmond, where they lay in state in the Capitol, and were afterwards buried in the village cemetery at Lexington.

General Jackson's name was rendered famous by the great exploits of his brigade, and his own high character as a Christian and gentleman. His death was a serious loss to the Confederate cause, while among the Union Generals there were free expressions of respect for his kindness, bravery and unassuming manners.

THE TWIN STEAMSHIP "CASTALIA."

WHAT may be called the public trial of Captain Dicey's new vessel took place on the recent Bank Holiday, when some hundreds of curious Londoners crossed over in her from Dover to Calais and back. The result was on the whole fairly successful. The vessel has been built on the principle of the outrigger canoes or "catamarans" used by the natives of Ceylon and Southern India. Her designer, Captain Dicey, was for many years Master Attendant at the Port of Calcutta, and therefore has had considerable opportunities for observing the stability and trustworthiness of this form of craft. The *Castalia* is formed of two separate hulls, bridged over by one deck, the space between being occupied by the paddle-wheels. One hull is expected to act as an outrigger to the other, and thus in some degree to neutralize the rolling action of the waves. In this way the chances of sea-sickness would be considerably reduced, and the horrors of the dreaded Channel passage eminently mitigated. The extreme length of the vessel is 290 feet, and the breadth of the double hull is 60 feet, while each hull is provided with separate engines, and a rudder at each end. As far as speed goes, the last trial proved her somewhat slow (one hour and fifty minutes from pier to pier), while as to her steadiness an opinion could scarcely be formed, the sea being smooth, and there being little or no wind. In one of the private trials, however, it is asserted that the *Castalia* met with some really nasty weather, and behaved exceedingly well. Of her steering qualities, there can be no doubt, and Captain Pittock, who com-



BRONZE STATUE OF STONEWALL JACKSON, BY THE LATE JOHN FOLEY, R. A., TO BE PRESENTED BY ENGLISH FRIENDS TO THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.

manded her, brought her alongside of the northern pier at Calais as easily and as smoothly as one of the smallest mail-boats. Her interior arrangements are ample and comfortable. There is a first-class saloon at each end, a second-class saloon amidships, two ladies' saloons, and the usual complement of private cabins.

THE INFANT HIPPOPOTAMUS.

A BABY hippopotamus, the only young specimen of the species ever imported into this country, arrived in New York on Saturday, August 21st, on board the steamer *Mosel*, from Bremen. Bachita, as the hippopotamus is called, was born on the banks of the River Bacha Salane, in the upper part of Nubia, some time last April, and was captured near the river on the 17th of that month by a party of hunters. The expedition was returning from a trip into the interior of Africa when they came upon Bachita, whom her mother was suckling. An attack was made upon the mother, who was immediately put to flight. The baby was taken to Germany, where it was secured by Mr. P. T. Barnum's agent, and shipped to this country. She is now four and one-half months old, stands two and one-half feet high, and is about four and one-half feet long from snout to tail. The color is a light roan on the flanks and belly, deepening on the back. The "baby" is exceedingly tame, and is devotedly attached to her keeper, whom she follows like a dog in all his movements, lying close by his side when he stretches himself down to rest. Her food at present is white bread and milk, which she devours in large quantities. Her hide is thick, but firm and smooth, presenting none of the roughened spots and scales that will come with later years. Mr. Barnum paid \$20,000 for expenses of catching and transportation.

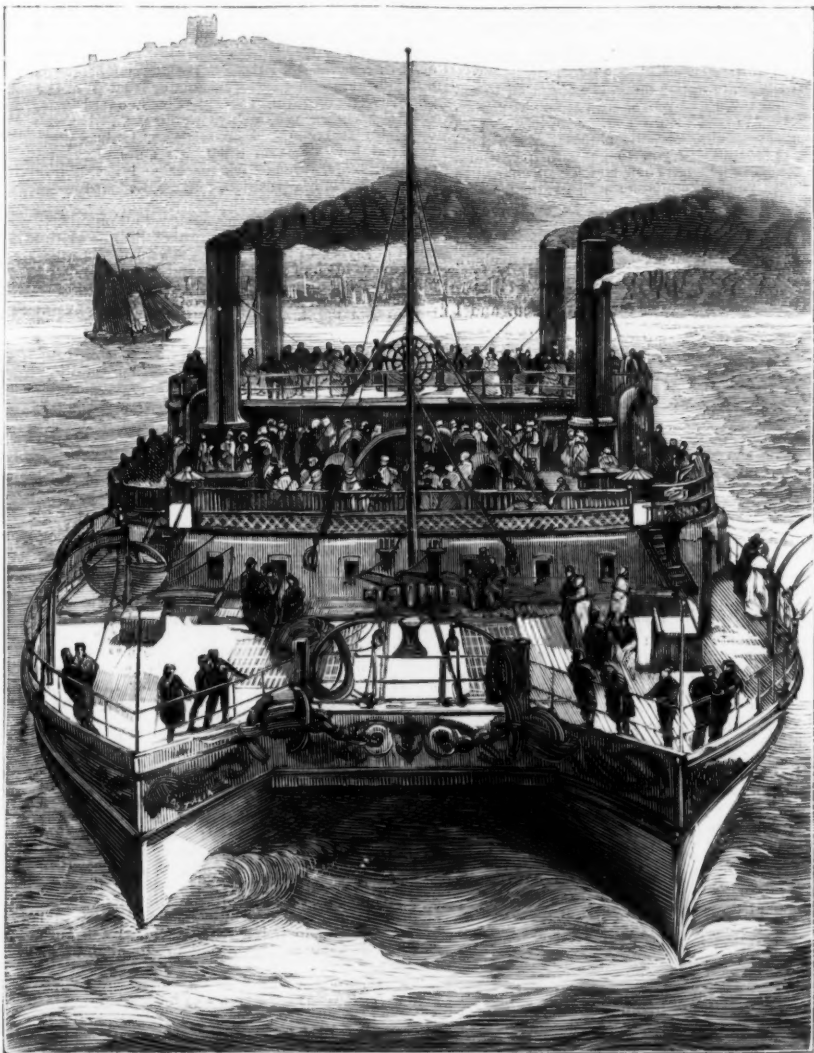
The sagacity of the hippopotamus is considerable, and is evinced by its adroitness in avoiding its enemies on land or in water, its escaping from pitfalls and other stratagems of the natives, its going with its young to distant localities when annoyed by man, and its caution in exposing itself even in its watery abode when it has been once assailed. For these reasons but few of the species have ever been captured alive. A young living specimen received at the Zoological Gardens in London in 1850 was the first seen alive in Europe since the time of the Emperor Gordian III. in Rome in the third century. Other specimens have since been received at the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris, and one has been exhibited in this country by Mr. Barnum, but these animals are a sufficient rarity to have warranted Mr. Barnum paying the high price he did for this specimen.

The story of her capture is full of interest. The expedition that secured it was one organized by Messrs. Reiche & Brothers, of 55 Chatham Street, New York. It consisted of sixty camels and eighty men, which left Alexandria in September last. They reached Nubia by way of Suez and Souakin. They secured many valuable animals, but were returning without having had any opportunity to obtain a hippopotamus, when they accidentally came across this specimen. Although it was captured without much difficulty, the transporting it to the regions of civilization was a matter of great care. Goats had to be carried along to furnish nutriment to the infant monster, and it received as tender watching as if it had been a royal baby. Its nurse, a young German named Lohse, who is still its keeper, was in constant attendance upon it. For many weeks it had to be fed by sucking milk from Lohse's finger.

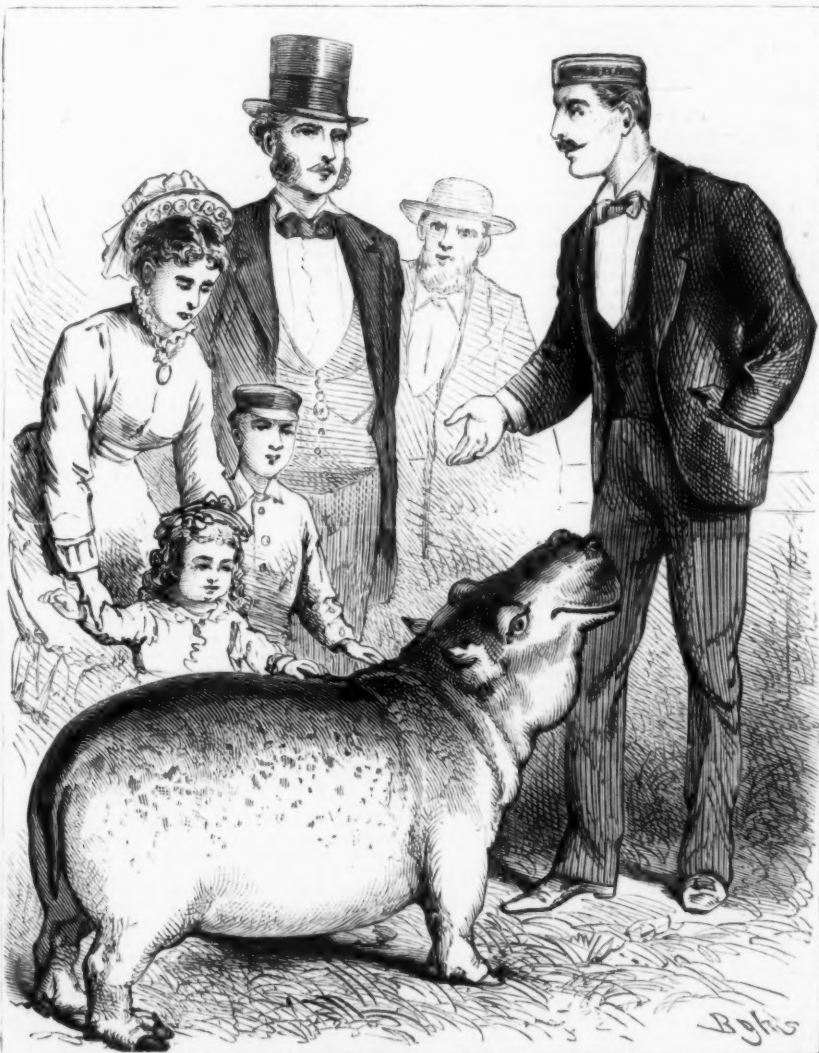
Few people who wander through a menagerie, viewing the representatives of the animal kingdom collected from all parts of the globe, can fully appreciate the labor, the daring and the money expended in bringing together the specimens displayed.

RECEPTION OF THE AMERICAN RIFLE TEAM.

THE reception given to the American Rifle Team, on Monday, August 23d, was hearty and enthusiastic. The Joint Committee of Reception of the National Rifle Association and the Amateur Rifle Club met at 1 p. m., at the Hotel Brunswick, New York City, to receive the members of the team preparatory to the formal reception at the City Hall by the municipal authorities. After partaking of a lunch, the party took carriages and proceeded to the City Hall. A large crowd had collected there, and as the members of the team entered the Park they were received with loud



THE TWIN STEAMSHIP "CASTALIA" LEAVING DOVER FOR CALAIS.



THE INFANT HIPPOPOTAMUS, ONE OF MR. P. T. BARNUM'S LATEST PURCHASES.

cheers. As the members of the team entered the Mayor's office, they were presented to Mayor Wickham by General Shaler. The Mayor heartily welcomed each. After a few minutes of informal conversation, the Mayor and members of the City Government escorted their guests to the Governor's Room, where the formal ceremonies were to be held, and where a large company had already assembled, including several ladies. The guests and their hosts gathered in a group around the Mayor at the east end of the large room. A large force of police were present under command of Inspector Dilks, and the officers found ample employment in keeping back the throng that sought to gain admittance after the room was uncomfortably full. An effort had been made to impart an air of cheerfulness to the room by decorating it with flags and bunting along the walls and around the windows. Mayor Wickham, in a neat speech, cordially welcomed the team back to their native land, and expressed the national pride at the honors won by them in Europe. Colonel Gildersleeve, captain of the team, responded in some well-timed remarks.

During the reception in the Governor's Room, the military escort and procession formed on the west side of the Park. When the members of the team left the City Hall, they entered the carriages in waiting, and were greeted with loud cheers by the spectators.

After a short delay the procession moved up Broadway in the following order, under command of Colonel John Ward of the 12th Regiment, N. G.:

Ninth Regiment, N. G., Col. Hitchcock.
Sixty-ninth Regiment, N. G., Col. Cavanaugh.
Officers of the National Guard.
Twelfth Regiment, N. G., including eight carriages, containing the members of the American Team and the Reception Committee.
Carriages with members of the National, Amateur, Off-Hand and New York Rifle Clubs.

Notwithstanding the rain, crowds of people witnessed the march up Broadway to Fourteenth Street, through Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue to Twenty-seventh Street, to the Army and Navy Club, where the parade, after passing in review before the team, was dismissed. Immediately, a rush was made by the spectators for the open space in front of the club-house, and loud cheers and calls for the team were given and continued until General Shaler and Colonel Gildersleeve stepped out upon the balcony. The Colonel made a brief response, and then retired.

A reception to the team was given at Gilmore's Garden in the evening. At a very early hour people began to assemble; at 8 p. m. it was estimated that 8,000 persons were in attendance, and ere the close of the entertainment the number who had been present was placed at 16,000. In addition to the usual decorations, numerous flags were added. Over the main entrances and about the music-stand in the centre were American and Irish colors, intertwined. In conspicuous places were hung drawings—draped with the national flags—of the scores of the different members of the team, both at Dollymount and Wimbledon. At the eastern end of the garden, and near the fountain, the prizes won by the riflemen were exhibited.

About 8:30 o'clock the members of the team entered, escorted by General Shaler and members of the various rifle associations, and were received with prolonged cheers. The guests made the circuit of the garden, amid immense applause, and then took seats in the arbors at the western end. Gilmore's band, which had played Voigt's "Triumphale" during the march, continued with a selection from "Faust," and Rossini's overture to "William Tell." At this point, the team and several members of the rifle clubs went upon the platform, and addresses were delivered amid great enthusiasm. The entertainment concluded with enlivening strains by the band and three cheers for the members of the team.

Repented at Leisure.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "THE STORY OF A WEDDING RING," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ETHEL GORDON sat in her own room alone, and no room ever gave a more correct index to its owner's mind than did this. The profusion of flowers, all beautifully arranged, yielding sweet perfume, the choice books, pictures, copies of world-renowned works of art, and vases and ornaments of rare design, were all indications of highest refinement and cultivation.

Ethel Gordon was not unworthy of her surroundings. She gave promise of a magnificent womanhood; her slender girlish figure was admirably graceful, her attitude perfection; every unstudied pose was statuesque. Her face was beautiful with a bright beauty all its own; her rich brown hair fell on the graceful neck; her eyes were of the rare hue of a purple heartsease, a golden light shining in their liquid depths—a light that deepened with every phase of feeling, that flashed with scorn, or gleamed with tenderness, or shone with pride. Beautiful eyes they were, for one glance of which men would have fought in olden days and died; the brows were straight, like those of a Grecian goddess—brows of ideal loveliness. The ancient Greeks gave such a month as hers to Venus, for it was one of singular beauty, the upper lip being short, the lower one full and curved, while the dimpled chin was faultless.

There was no flaw in her beauty from the crown of her fair head to her tiny feet. Her small white hands had a delicate rose tint; her arm was round and perfect in contour. Yet she did not possess the cold, perfect, regular beauty of a woman without a fault. There was pride and perhaps some little degree of temper in the bright eyes, just as there was something of independence and hauteur in the curved lips.

The sunbeams were falling on her, and the sweet south wind bearing the scent of hawthorn and lilac was fanning her brow; but she was not looking well-pleased. She was standing at an open window, watching the slanting sunbeams, her little white fingers tapping impatiently on the window-frame.

"I am a Gordon," she said to herself. "I like my own way, and I will not submit to it!"

At that moment a footman came to say that Sir Leonard Gordon awaited his daughter in the library.

"I will be there directly," said Ethel, carelessly—it was one of her principles never to seem in haste. She remained for a few minutes longer at the window just to gratify her spirit of independence, and then she walked slowly to the library, where Sir Leonard awaited her.

Sir Leonard Gordon resembled his daughter in several respects—he had the same clear-cut, regular features, the same waving rich brown hair; but his face, handsome though it was, bore marks of deep

care and thought, while the hair was streaked with gray. He was a tall, aristocratic-looking man, with an impressive air of dignity and command.

"Come in, Ethel," he said, in a deep, musical voice. "I want to speak to you very particularly."

A musical voice and a winsome smile were the heirlooms of the Gordons. Their features might and did vary—some were of the dark, proud Norman, others of the fair, calm Anglo-Saxon type—but all alike had a voice of softest music, and a smile that would have melted a heart of stone. There had been faithful Gordons and false Gordons—Gordons true as steel, and treacherous as the men who betrayed their young queen; but every Gordon could be recognized by these two gifts.

"Sit down, Ethel," said Sir Leonard. "I have much to say, and you will be tired."

But the spirit of independence and contradiction seemed to be strong in his beautiful daughter this May morning.

"I prefer to stand, papa," she replied; and Miss Gordon swept across the room, with a haughty bearing not lost upon Sir Leonard. He smiled to himself, and it was just as well that Ethel did not see that smile.

"I have sent for you, Ethel," he said, "that we may come to some amicable arrangement of our difficulties. I hope you have come prepared to be just and reasonable?"

"If you are determined to have your own way, papa, it is useless my arguing with you," returned Ethel, proudly.

"I am afraid, my dear, that we Gordons are too fond of our own way; but I think you and I can arrange our difficulties without coming into collision. It is useless to talk to a Gordon of submission; but if I can convince your judgment, you will obey me, I hope."

"I am not very clever at obedience, I fear," said Miss Gordon.

"No; you have been spoiled, Ethel, ever since you were a child; and now that you are seventeen, it is difficult to contend against the effects of that spoiling. See, my dear," and Sir Leonard held out an open letter to his daughter. "I received this by the morning's post from the Austrian Ambassador, and I must send in my reply to-night."

She took the letter, read it carefully, and then laid it upon the table.

"It is complimentary," she said; "and he speaks of the position as a lucrative one."

"It is so now, Ethel. You are old enough to understand some of the cares that have turned my hair white and have lined my face with marks that nothing will efface."

Her beautiful face softened for a few moments, and the proud eyes grew dim with tears.

"Although," he continued, "I am the representative of one of the oldest families in England, owning Fountayne Hall in England and Heatherbrae in Scotland, yet I am a poor man. I never know the luxury of having a sovereign to spare. My father, who succeeded to a rich inheritance, spent all he could. He gambled, played, bet heavily, bought extravagantly—he ruined himself, Ethel, and consequently ruined me. When I succeeded to Fountayne, it was one of the poorest estates in England. Your mother, Lady Angela, brought with her a good fortune, and that helped me; indeed, but for that I must have sold the Hall. Your mother's fortune cleared off the heavy mortgages; still, it has been difficult to live. Now this offer of the Austrian Ambassador comes in the very hour of need. I wanted a few thousand pounds, and, if I go, they will be mine."

"It is an inducement, certainly," she said, very gravely.

"A very great inducement," he agreed. "For the first time in my life I shall be quite at ease as to money matters—heaven grant that you may never know what that implies, Ethel!—and the advantages in other ways will be great."

"Why not, then, decide at once upon accepting the offer, papa?"

"Because the decision rests with you. I cannot quit home for two years and leave you alone, unprotected, uncared for; it is out of the question."

"There never was a Gordon yet incapable of taking care of himself or herself," said the girl, proudly.

Sir Leonard laughed, and shook his head.

"You are only just seventeen, and that is no age for ripe judgment. You are too young to be left in charge of a large house like Fountayne. You have not had experience enough."

She went up to him and laid both hands on his shoulders, gazing straight into his face.

"Now, papa, look at me; tell me the truth. Who really governs the house now?"

Sir Leonard's face flushed; he laughed uneasily.

"If you insist upon the truth, there can be no doubt, Ethel, that you rule the house and every one in it; but you must remember that I am here to take all responsibility from you."

"That which I am old enough to do in your presence I can surely do in your absence," said she, proudly.

"That is the very point on which we disagree," returned Sir Leonard; "and on that point my decision rests. We will argue the matter fairly, Ethel, and you will see that I am right. In the eyes of the world," continued Sir Leonard, "I should be greatly to blame if I went away leaving a girl so young as you, Ethel, to manage a large house—above all, if I left you without a chaperon of any kind."

"A chaperon!" repeated his daughter, contemptuously. "Of what possible use would a chaperon be to me?"

"She would keep you out of all danger; young girls are easily imposed upon. She would teach you to fulfill the duties of your station in a proper manner. In fact, Ethel, it is useless to argue the question; you cannot possibly do without one. You would lose caste in the eyes of the world, and would be certain to get into mischief."

"If I ever forgot myself so far as to feel any inclination for mischief, no amount of chaperonage would keep me from it," said Miss Gordon, proudly.

"I am too old to be taught to obey a stranger."

"My dearest Ethel, how proud you are! I fear that some great sorrow—some great and terrible pain—will be your portion—will be sent to break the pride, the unbending spirit, that nothing seems to move."

"All the Gordons are proud, papa. Why blame me for having one of the characteristics of my race?"

"Submissiveness and gentleness, Ethel, form a woman's diadem."

"A very poor one!" objected Ethel. "Now, papa, be reasonable. Give up this absurd notion of a chaperon; go to Austria—that is a magnificent offer—one you should not refuse. Leave me here at Fountayne; I shall have a staid old housekeeper and faithful servants; what more can I need?"

"My dear Ethel, what would the world say if I left a girl of seventeen alone in that fashion?"

"I do not care for the world," retorted the girl.

"I care about pleasing myself."

"You cannot run counter to the opinion of the world, Ethel; at your age the idea is absurd. You must submit to the inexorable laws of custom and etiquette."

Sir Leonard spoke angrily, with flushed face and darkening eyes. Both father and daughter were growing terribly earnest.

"What if I refuse to have anything to do with a chaperon? Papa, if I refuse to obey one, what then?" asked Ethel.

"In that case I should most certainly refuse the offer," said Sir Leonard. "I should write to the Ambassador and decline. But, Ethel, you will surely take my disappointed, blighted life into consideration, before you do that?"

The girl was silent for some minutes; then, turning to him her beautiful face all flushed and eager, she said, persuasively:

"Let me make one more appeal to you, papa. Go to Austria, and leave me here. I will be prudent myself; I will surpass discretion in all I do or say; I will promise you that no stranger shall ever cross the threshold; I will obey every law you may lay down for me, if you will consent to leave me free and unfettered."

"My dear Ethel, I cannot do it. You do not know what you ask. A girl of seventeen, left in such a position, would quite lose caste. If you were twenty, or even thirty, I would not do it."

"You refuse, then?" she said, quietly.

Sir Leonard moved uneasily in his chair; he did not like, when looking on that beautiful face, to refuse a prayer.

"I must do so for your own sake as well as mine. I cannot leave you alone, Ethel; and I will not."

She was silent for some minutes, the flush dying from her face, and the light deepening in her eyes. A struggle was going on between her pride and her love for Sir Leonard; then she turned to him quite calmly.

"Will you tell me, then, what you purpose doing, papa?"

Sir Leonard looked slightly confused. Something in the beautiful face and proud eyes seemed to agitate him.

"I may as well—nay, I had far better, speak plainly to you, Ethel. The truth is that, the sooner you accustom yourself to a chaperon, the better it will be for you; for I am tired of a single life, and I think of marrying again."

The slender figure was drawn to its full height, the beautiful face was flushed with deepest crimson, the proud lips wore their most scornful curve.

"You think of marrying again, papa! Pray, may I ask why?"

"That is hardly a respectful question, Ethel. I have told you my reason. I am tired of a single life, and I have met with a lady who would make me, I am sure, a most excellent wife."

"Am I permitted to ask who the lady is?" asked Miss Gordon.

"Certainly, my dear. I met Miss Digby last year at the Trexhams—I met her again at the Davenports; and, if I must speak plainly, I fell in love with her."

The scorn on the lovely lips deepened.

"Miss Digby has money, I believe?" she interrogated.

"Yes," replied Sir Leonard, "she has money—money made by her father in trade. She lays no claim to high birth or great connections, but, for all that, she is a lady of great accomplishments and refinement."

"You would choose a tradesman's daughter to take my mother's place?" asked Ethel, with quivering lips.

"You must speak respectfully of the lady I hope to make my wife," returned Sir Leonard, sternly.

"Do you expect me, Lady Angela's daughter, one of the Gordons of Fountayne, to obey such a person?" inquired Ethel, proudly.

"I expect you to obey me. I also am a Gordon of Fountayne, and my will is stronger than yours. I have asked Miss Digby to be my wife, and she has consented."

A low cry escaped Ethel's lips, but she made no comment. Sir Leonard continued:

"The same obstacles that prevented my taking you to Austria forbid me to take a wife there; therefore I have arranged with Miss Digby to postpone our marriage until my return. You understand that, Ethel?"

"Yes, I understand perfectly," was the quiet reply.

Sir Leonard looked relieved. He felt that the worst part of the revelation was over.

"Miss Digby, to oblige me, has consented to another arrangement," Sir Leonard resumed. "Perhaps that will not please you. She is going to spend a few weeks, perhaps months, at St. Ina's Bay. She has invited you to go with her, and I should like it to be so. Then she has promised to remain with you at Fountayne until I return."

The girl's face grew white with anger, her eyes seemed to flash fire.

"I will not submit to such an arrangement," she said, haughtily. "You are treating me as a child. Papa, you forget that I am a woman."

Sir Leonard laughed.

"Not quite, Ethel. You are seventeen, and I admit that you are tall for your age; but girls of seventeen are not women."

"After being mistress of Fountayne for so long, do you think, papa, I can submit to the rule of a stranger?"

"I think you have sense enough to see that you can only submit," said Sir Leonard. "I love Miss Digby; but it is quite as much for your sake as for my own that I wish to marry."

"Why for my sake?" asked Ethel, briefly.

"My dear child, you will ask questions the answers to which simply displease you. Because you have grave faults, and require the gentle training and the wise guidance of a good woman."

"What are my faults, papa? You seem to have found them out all at once. What are they?"

"You are proud, Ethel—proud, unbending, independent. You have no self-discipline, no self-control."

"Those are all Gordon characteristics," she objected, "not faults."

"They are both," returned Sir Leonard. "You must do battle with them and overcome them, or you will never be an amiable woman, Ethel."

"I am not quite sure that I wish to be one, papa. Amiable people as a rule are weak. I dislike weakness. I may be proud, as you say; but I never said a false word nor did a mean action."

"That I am sure of; but, Ethel, I have spoiled you. You have grown up to have your own way entirely; you have no idea of submission. I have been thinking very much of it lately. I have read the works of some wise men that great pride can be subdued only by great trouble, and I cannot bear to think of my Ethel's bright face shadowed with care. I want you to correct this pride yourself, to learn submission to wise and gentle guidance, so that a woman's greatest ornament, a meek and gentle spirit, may be yours."

Ethel laughed.

"You make me think myself very wicked, papa. When you change the colors of a flower, turn night into day, make thistles grow on rose-trees, then you may hope to change a proud, willful girl into a meek, submissive woman; but not till then."

"Take care, Ethel. What I cannot do a mightier

hand may effect. This is the crisis of your life. Think well before you decide that your disposition is immutable."

If either father or daughter could have seen to what this was to lead, they would have prayed that the May sunbeams might fall on her dead face rather than that she should suffer what was in store for her.

Ethel made no reply, and Sir Leonard, whose relief at having unburdened himself of his communication was great, rose from his chair.

"I shall drive over to Lady Davenport's this afternoon. You had better go with me, Ethel; Miss Digby is staying there, and I should like to introduce you to her. I shall be ready at two."

And then Sir Leonard quitted the library, and his daughter passed through the open glass-door into the garden.

CHAPTER II.

OUT from the darkened room, where she had suffered the keenest torture of her life, out into the beautiful sunshine, to the fair, smiling flowers, to the sweet, singing birds, went Ethel Gordon; it was like a change from some dark region to Paradise. She paused and drew a breath of deep satisfaction at finding herself alone in the sweet, warm sunshine. There was a gleam of purple from the lilac-trees, a sheen of gold from the drooping laburnum, a glitter of white from the fair acacia-blossoms, the roses were budding, large bushes of southernwood filled the sweet, warm air with fragrance, the white daphnes, purple hyacinths and mignonette were all in flower, sweet lilies-of-the-valley nestled amongst their green leaves. Fountains rippled amongst the flowers, bright-winged birds flew from tree to tree, all nature smiled, and Ethel, who had a poet's soul and a keen, passionate love for all that was beautiful, gave a deep sigh of unutterable content that the world was so fair.

"I love the lilies best," she thought, as she picked a few sprays; and then the memory of all she had just heard came over her, and a low, passionate cry escaped her lips. "I shall hate her," she thought; "and the Gordons, who know so well how to love, know how to hate."

It seemed cruelly hard to her. Sir Leonard had been content with her love and her away for so many years; now a stranger must come and take both from her. She had been proud of her rule; she was so frank, so true, although imperious, so generous, so noble in every word and deed, that the servants of the household, the tenants, the dependents, all worshiped her. Miss Gordon could do no wrong—she dispensed rewards and punishments with a royal hand; no one had ever disputed her will or disobeyed her command. She had reigned absolutely as a queen, and, girl though she was, the sense of power had been sweet to her. She had enjoyed the exercise of it. If any one wanted a favor from Sir Leonard, it was through Ethel they asked it, and he was never known to refuse. So she had grown up gracious and beloved.

"Miss Gordon is proud," people said, "but she has a heart of gold;" and now this pleasant rule, this absolute sovereignty, this influence and power, were to be taken from her, and placed in the hands of a stranger. How was she to bear it?

Tears dimmed the bright eyes. She stretched out her hands as though she would fain embrace the grand old Hall and the picturesque grounds.

"How shall I bear to see a stranger here?" she murmured; and on that bright May morning no warning came to her that she would have far greater troubles to bear.

The Gordons of Fountayne were, as Sir Leonard said, one of the oldest families in England. They were a handsome race, fair of presence, winning in speech, noble in mind and chivalrous in manner; they had been celebrated both in song and in story. Legends and stories without number were told of their fair women and dauntless men, but they had never been famed for wealth. Gold had never lasted long in the hands of a Gordon; still they had never been poor until Sir Alexander Gordon, the father of Sir Leonard, took to gambling.

He impoverished his estate, himself and his only son to such an extent, that it was doubtful whether Sir Leonard would be able to keep up the position of the family or not. He, however, married an heiress, the Lady Angela Lyle. Her fortune, large as it was, sufficed to pay off the heavy mortgages only, nothing being left for the improvement of the impoverished estate, so that Sir Leonard was, despite his marriage, always a poor man. He was obliged to scheme and contrive, for Lady Angela required her house in town, her entertainments, dinners, balls, jewels, carriages and dress, like other ladies in her position, and Sir Leonard could never refuse her.

She brought plenty of money to Fountayne, and she must have all she wants," he was in the habit of saying to himself; so that, during her lifetime even, his hair grew gray and deep lines came upon his face, all caused by money cares.

Then Lady Angela died, leaving one daughter, Ethel; and his daughter became the pride, the pet, the paying and the torment of her father's life.

She was always beautiful; she had the Gordon face, the bright, winning face that belonged to that debonaire race. She had the quick, impetuous Gordon temper, the Gordon pride. She had all the virtues and many of the failings that characterized her race.

Ethel Gordon had the faults that generally characterize a warm, impetuous, loving, proud nature; and those faults had been fostered in her from the hour in which her baby rattle had begun at Fountayne. She was imperious, proud, with the quick temper that belonged to the Gordons. Her face would flush, her eyes flash fire; she would express scorn, contempt and anger in a moment; but she was quick to forget; she never thought twice of a wrong committed, and those who had borne the brunt of her anger were the first to feel the charm of her generous, kindly manner. She was quick to forgive; if she had hurt any one's feelings, she would do all in her power to atone for it. It was not wonderful that she was loved; she was well worth loving.

She was the very light of Sir Leonard's eyes, the joy of his heart, his pride and his delight. He had thought at first of sending her to school, but she had resolutely refused to go. Her refusal was accompanied by such endearing caresses, such a charm of manner, such loving words, that Sir Leonard could not be angry; and from that moment her triumphant rule commenced. A long-suffering line of governesses had tried their best to educate her, but it had been found a difficult, almost impossible, task. She caricatured them, mimicked them, caressed them, defied them—did everything, in short, but obey them. One, more courageous than the rest, went to complain to Sir Leonard.

"Miss Gordon will not obey," said the unfortunate lady. "What am I to do with her?"

"The Gordons are accustomed to command, not to obey," said the child.

A wise father would have compelled obedience—would have punished the mutinous speech. But Sir Leonard was not wise. He merely said, sadly:

"People must learn how to obey, Ethel, before they know how to command; the greatest men have yielded the most implicit obedience."

"So would I to you, papa, but I cannot to these tiresome, complaining women; they always look ready to cry. I do not like governesses, and I shall be glad when I can do without them."

The whole household was kept in such a continual turmoil by the warfare between Miss Gordon and her hapless instructors, that it was a real relief to Sir Leonard when the last of them went away. Ethel was sixteen then, and she gravely declared her education to be finished.

"I know quite enough, papa," she said. "Besides, I can have masters if necessary, and that will be so much better than a governess in the house."

It was wonderful what an amount of knowledge she had obtained; she had read every book that was within her reach, she had made herself familiar with all the poets, she had a mind stored with all kinds of information—some of it quaint enough. She had taken to music naturally, as birds take to song. She played with the most exquisite taste; it seemed as though the half-awakened soul found its voice in her glorious gift of song. It had been the daughter of poorer people her destiny must have been the stage, for her voice was of the rarest beauty—a contralto full of sweetness. Much as she disliked all training and discipline, she had submitted to anything with regard to her music—long hours of practice, perseverance in exercises—and the result was that she sang with a taste and skill rarely equaled. Sir Leonard was very proud of this gift; there was no pleasure greater to him than that which he derived from his daughter's musical talent.

From her earliest girlhood she had been accustomed to have the full control of her father's house. While barely old enough to know the names of the different dishes, she had been accustomed to give orders for dinner; and the servants had been accustomed to look to her for orders. Child though she was, she had taken the greatest interest in her father's guests; nothing was ever done without consulting her. Accustomed as she had been to the most complete sway and control over everything and every one, it seemed to her now very hard that this power must pass from her into a stranger's hand.

For some time past it had been dawning upon Sir Leonard that, with all his daughter's beauty and accomplishments, she was in many respects untrained; by this time he had begun to see that in reality he had fostered and encouraged her faults, not corrected them. Childish passion, when the lovely little face had flushed crimson, and the tiny foot had been stamped upon the floor, was one thing; anger so frankly displayed by a young girl was different. Love of rule and pride of power were amusing in a child; in a grown girl they were not pleasant.

Then the world in its interfering fashion had begun to tell him how much better it would be if he had some lady to chaperon his daughter—how much better it would be if she had some lady companion. When the offer came from the Austrian Ambassador the matter seemed pressing upon him; it was impossible that he should take her with him, yet it seemed equally impossible that he should leave her at home. There was nothing for it but finding a chaperon for her; and who would be so unexceptionable in every way as the lady he was hoping to marry?

He shrank at first from telling Ethel his resolve, but there was no escape; and her reception of it was more favorable than he had dared to hope.

(To be continued.)

THE FINANCIAL EXCITEMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE announcement on Thursday, August 26th, that at 2:45 p. m. the Bank of California, in San Francisco, would cease paying checks, created an excitement that has only been equaled in many years by the discovery of the Big Bonanza. California Street was soon blocked for a long distance, but the assurance that the Bank would liquidate all its obligations tended somewhat to allay the feeling of apprehension. The San Francisco and Pacific Stock Exchanges held no session in the afternoon, and all members were forbidden to transact any business until the reopening. This action only served to arouse the excitement that had been partially allayed, and a run upon the National Gold Bank and Trust Company was immediately begun. All demands were promptly paid, however, and an abundance of coin on hand was extensively reported.

On Friday the fever was greatly heightened by the suspension of the Gold and the Merchants' Banks, and the report of the suicide by drowning of William C. Ralston, President of the Bank of California. Slight runs were made upon other institutions, but after their solvency was perfectly proven the rush ceased. The day of the suspension Mr. Ralston had asserted that the Bank would not resume operations at all, and appeared much annoyed by newspaper interviewers.

The Bank of California was organized in 1865, with Mr. Mills as President and Mr. Ralston as Cashier. It was started on a capital of \$2,000,000, which was increased two years ago to \$5,000,000. As Mr. Mills was interested in a Sacramento Bank, Mr. Ralston took general charge of the San Francisco institution, and two years ago became its President, his private wealth then being estimated at \$20,000,000. In 1867 it was regarded as the strongest monetary concern on the Pacific Slope; the last one, in fact, that could be seriously influenced by a panic. Fearing that a general disaster was impending, the United States Treasury Department transferred over \$1,200,000 in gold by telegraph to San Francisco. A meeting of Bank Presidents was held in the evening, and both the Board of Brokers and the Chamber of Commerce took prompt action on the situation. It was expected at our last advices that the Gold and Merchants' Banks would resume payments on Monday, August 30th.

The late William C. Ralston was a fair representative of the energetic men who made the youthful State of California take a prominent place with its older sisters. He was a thoroughly characteristic type of American energy and business ability. He began life as a hand on a Mississippi steamer. In 1849 he formed the acquaintance of Commodore C. K. Garrison, then one of the kings of American finance. In 1850 he was in the firm of Fretz & Ralston, bankers on the Isthmus of Darien, who were agents for Commodore Garrison's San Francisco house. The Isthmus was then the grand route for the thousands rushing to the newly discovered gold-fields of California, and the firm were eminently successful. In 1852 he removed to San Francisco and became a member of the firm of Garrison, Fretz & Ralston. In 1857 Commodore Garrison came East, and a new firm was formed under the title of Donohue, Ralston, Kelly & Co., which lasted until 1862 or 1863. In 1865 Ralston took a leading part in the organization and establishment of the Bank of California.

Ralston, with the Bank of California at his back, and aided by his vast interests in the silver mines of Nevada, wielded a tremendous power in both States, not only in the commercial and financial world, but in the political affairs of that section. So great was his influence, that scarcely a mine or railroad, or any great enterprise on the Pacific Slope, was attempted without his aid, and such was his power in the politics of California and Nevada, it was asserted, that, backed by the money of the bank, he dictated the selection of United States Senators, Governors, and other public officers.

Mr. Ralston was the most popular man in California. His munificence had won him friends everywhere. His career is full of instances where he has kept from failure men who were on the verge of financial ruin. His mode of life was on a plan commensurate with the extent of wealth at his command. At Belmont Valley he built for himself a house costing, it is estimated, \$1,000,000, and supported it with an annual outlay of \$350,000. His house would accommodate 150 guests, and occasions were frequent when that number accepted his hospitality. His stables are built on a magnificent and extensive plan. Some years ago he had some difficulty with the railroad which leads to Belmont Valley—a distance of thirty miles—and then provided himself with a light buggy, and having relays of horses stationed along the road, drove every day to and from San Francisco in less time than the train could make. He was the last man at his office at night and the first one in the morning. He was known as a good liver, and won many friends by his generosity and hospitality.

The excitement in San Francisco at the announcement of his death, on the 27th, was intense. From the best information, it appears that he went to a sea-bathing establishment at the north beach at about 3:25 p. m., undressed, went into the water, swam about 200 yards, and disappeared behind a vessel. Soon after his body was discovered floating by the Selby Lead Works, and was brought ashore still alive. A physician was summoned, but all efforts to resuscitate him failed, and he died at 4:50 p. m.

Colonel Fry, his father-in-law, Mayor Otis and a number of prominent citizens arrived before he expired.

Colonel Fry and Captain Lees went to the bathing-house and obtained Mr. Ralston's clothes, in which were found a few dollars and his statement to the bank, but nothing having any tendency to show that he committed suicide. His body was conveyed to 1,812 Jackson Street, the residence of Colonel Fry. A boy named Festus Mazzele states that he saw Mr. Ralston before he reached the house; saw him sit on the clay bank near the smelting works; saw him tear up several papers and throw the scraps into the water. Search was made for the pieces, but none were found. It is also reported that he was seen to drink the contents of a phial before going into the water. The general impression is that he took the poison before entering the water.

Mr. Ralston was between forty-five and fifty years of age at the time of his death. The Board of Directors of the California Bank held a meeting on the morning of the 27th and requested Mr. Ralston to resign as President and Director, which request he complied with, and transferred all of his private property over to Senator Sharon for the benefit of his creditors.

The estimated liabilities of the Bank of California are over \$14,000,000, and the assets, at the highest figure, \$8,000,000. It is said that, besides losing all the money they put in, the stockholders will have to pay an assessment of fifty per cent. to liquidate the debts.

THE AMATEUR REGATTA AT SARATOGA.

THE event of the week at Saratoga was the Amateur Regatta. The races were commenced on Tuesday, August 24th, with the Single-scutt contest for the State Championship, and the Junior Single-scutt Race. For the first there were six entries, and it was won by C. E. Courtney. The following is the time made by the contestants:

	M.	S.
Courtney.....	13	39½
Riley.....	14	00½
McCormick.....	14	36½
Maxwell.....	14	50½
Roach.....	15	01½
Girvin.....	15	15½

Course, two miles. Prize, "Empire" Diamond Sculls (challenge) and Presentation Cup.

The Junior Scull Race included eight entries, viz.: G. E. Man, of the Argonauts; James Riley and P. C. Ackerman, of the Atlantics; George W. Lathrop, of the Beaverwycks; James H. Girvin, of the same club; F. W. Tompkins, of the Woolvons; R. H. Robinson, of the Union Springs, and R. H. Orr, of the Seawanhakas. Riley and Girvin were both in the former race, but though the latter showed evident signs of fatigue, the former looked as fresh as could be desired, and was the pronounced favorite at once. The following is the time and order of return of each crew:

	M.	S.
Riley.....	14	00½
Lathrop.....	14	07½
Ackerman.....	14	10
Robinson.....	14	38½
Tompkins.....	14	39½
Orr.....	15	34½
Man.....	15	42½

Girvin gave out at the end of the first quarter-mile. Course, two miles. Prize, Gold Medal.

On Wednesday the Senior Single-scutt and a Pair-oared Race took place. For the first the following entries were made: C. E. Courtney, of the Union Springs; J. W. Randall, of the Potomacs; James Riley, of the Neptunes; Frank E. Yakes, of the Pilots; R. H. Bainbridge, of the Argonauts; David Roach, of the Waverleys; J. W. Maxwell and R. H. Orr, of the Seawanhakas; J. T. McCormick, James H. Girvin, and George W. Lathrop, of the Beaverwycks, and P. C. Ackerman, of the Atlantics. Courtney again carried off the laurels. The following, according to the referee, is the time and order of the boats so far as taken:

	M.	S.
Courtney.....	13	59
Riley.....	14	15½
Ackerman.....	14	27½
Lathrop.....	14	44
Bainbridge.....	15	11
Orr.....	15	11

Course, two miles. Prize, President's Cup (challenge) and Presentation Medal.

The race for pair-oared shells was a spirited contest. The entries were F. G. Eldred and Edward Smith, of the Argonauts; T. J. Gorman and James Wilson, of the Beaverwycks; and M. J. Fenton and George Hughes, of the Mutuals. The Argonauts were the winners by one length in 21m. 36½s. The same crew were the winners of this race last year in 21m. 32½s. The time of the Beaverwycks was 21m. 40½s. The Mutuals fell out before the close of the race. Course, three miles.

Great interest was taken in this race, not only on account of the reputation of the contestants as skillful oarsmen, but from the fact that the prize was the beautiful Interlaken Challenge Cup, presented last year to the Saratoga Rowing Association by Mr. Frank Leslie. This cup, which for beauty of design and elegance of workmanship is unsurpassed, has now been won twice by the Argonauts, and if they are as successful next year, it will become their property, as Mr. Leslie's condition was, that ownership must be had by three distinct victories.

The Regatta closed on Thursday with two good races. The first was the Senior Double-scutt Race, over the two-mile course—one mile to stakeboat and return. Prize, President's Cup (challenge) and Presentation Medal. The following crews entered the race: Neptune, West Brighton, Staten Island.—Robert Lefman, bow; James Riley, stroke. Union Springs, Union Springs, N. Y.—R. H. Robinson, bow; C. H. Courtney, stroke. Beaverwyck, Albany, N. Y.—George W. Lathrop, bow; James T. McCormick, stroke. Seawanhaka, Greenpoint, Long Island.—R. H. Orr, bow; J. W. Maxwell, stroke.

Courtney and his companion were the winners. Time, 12m. 42½s.

The second race was a four-oared race over a three-mile course, one mile and a half to stakeboat and return. Prizes, Saratoga Cup (challenge) and four presentation cups. The following crews took part in the race: Beaverwyck, Albany, N. Y.—James Wilson, bow; R. T. Gorman, 3; D. Doncaster, 2; T. J. Gorman, stroke. Atlanta, New York.—W. H. Downs, bow; John Gunster, 3; H. W. Rodgers, 2; J. E. Eustis, stroke. Mutual, Albany, N. Y.—George Hughes, bow; M. J. Fenton, 3; H. Bowers, 2; W. S. Mosely, stroke. Duquesne, Pittsburgh, Pa.—George Shad, bow; S. Moody, 3; O. Moody, 2; F. Brennan, stroke. Buffalo, Buffalo, N. Y.—C. W. Baldy, bow; J. B. Greene, 3; R. H. Hebard, 2; C. E. Dunbar, stroke. Argonauts, Bergen Point, N. J.—Edward Smith, bow; B. Stephenson, 3; Walter Man, 2; F. C. Eldred, stroke.

This was a warmly contested race, and brought out a display of strength and skill seldom equaled in amateur boating. The Atlanta crew were the winners. Time, 18m. 32½s.

Our illustration shows the finish of the Pair-oared Scull Race on Wednesday, and gives an exact view of the scene as the Argonauts shot across the line, winning the race.

THE SENTENCE ON COLONEL BAKER.

PUBLIC opinion in England as to the result of the sensational trial of the season—the conviction of Colonel Baker of an indecent assault in a railway-carriage on Miss Dickinson—is thus indicated by the Manchester Examiner, August 4th: "An offense which would disgrace the commonest person in the realm derives no splendor and extracts no immunities from the elevated social position of its perpetrator. Sergeant Ballantine raised the same plea in mitigation of his sentence, and it was silently backed by the crowd of military officers who stood round him in the dock. The only fault that can be suggested with the sentence is that hard labor was not added to the year's imprisonment; but, even without that addition, the sentence is crushingly severe. A year's imprisonment, a fine of £500, together with all the costs of the prosecution, constitute a penalty adequate, at all events, to vindicate the majesty and the justice of the law. Colonel Baker is a ruined man. He forfeits the Queen's Commission, and the social circle in which he has moved will know him no more. In a sense, we pity him. A moment of brutal passion has stained a well-known name, reflected disgrace on an honorable profession, and destroyed a distinguished career. But we can sooner dispense with all these than with public decency and the safety of woman's honor."

NATURE'S PAPER.

RICE-PAPER is made in China from the pith of a great tree; not at all as we make paper from poplar-wood, but by simply cutting it into thin slices. And thousands of years before Moses was born the Egyptians made paper from the great papyrus, or paper-reed, by carefully peeling out the thin layer between the bark and the fleshy stem, and pressing and drying the pieces into sheets. Many a story of ancient times has been found written on this paper, and stored away among the linen wrappings of the Egyptian mummies, just as well preserved and as legible as if it had been written last year.

ADVICE TO VERSIFIERS.

SIDNEY SMITH said: "Whatever you are from nature, keep to it; never desert your own line of talent. If Providence only intended you to write posies for rings, or mottoes for twelfth-cakes, keep to posies and mottoes; a good motto for a twelfth-cake is more respectable than a villainous epic poem in twelve books. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

EXPERIMENTS WITH A NEW SYSTEM OF TELEGRAPHING, which cannot be intercepted by an enemy, have just been successfully made by the Germans in the forts around Strasbourg. The apparatus is mounted upon a scaffolding; it can be dismounted at will, and should be sheltered from cannon as much as possible, either in blinded towers or in the apertures of casemates arranged for the purpose. It is composed of a square chamber three metres in height and two metres in width. In this chamber is placed a set of wheels, moved by electricity, in which is fixed a hollow beam like that of a wind-mill, terminating in four hollow wings of light wood. These wings are triangular in form. On each side is a glass window in which a movable cipher is changed by an electric wire corresponding to each wing. Above the chamber is a sheet-iron cone with a large glass opening on one side. Above and below a skylight concentrates the electric light which is in the interior of the cone. When correspondence is desired, a jet of light is thrown forth at intervals of a few minutes, according to what point is corresponded with. Thus, for such a point there will be two jets; for such another, three, and so on. As soon as the response to the signal arrives a correspondence takes place. The mill turns and presents on three sides a number which, in conformity with an agreed-upon cipher-alphabet, gives a meaning to the movements of the apparatus. There is only just enough light to let the cipher be seen. A telescope placed at the bottom of the scaffolding serves for perceiving the response from the point of correspondence. Officers or sub-officers then note down the dispatches. When it is wished to transmit orders to an army corps at a distance of 20 or 22 kilometres, different rockets direct the rallying for attack or for retreat. Each army corps, and even each division, has its own rocket, so that no mistake can be made. It is manifest that this new system of telegraphing is destined to render great service in time of war.

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THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA, who has been traveling incognito under the name of Countess Hohenembs, accompanied by her daughter, eight or nine years of age, two ladies of honor, and two chamberlains, recently made a flying visit to Fécamp, a seaport town of France, on the English Channel, at the mouth of the River Fécamp, and on the branch railway from Rouen to Havre. There was no official reception, but the Mayor of Fécamp and the Austrian Vice-Consul received Her Majesty at the station on the arrival of the train.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCES at Paris was opened with much pomp and display on the 1st of August. The Marshal President MacMahon, Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Constantine, whose husband is President of the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia, and a large number of other notabilities, official, social and scientific, were present. The out which we give represents the scene at the moment when M. d'Hane-Steenhuysen, President of the Committee of the Antwerp Congress, surrendered the Presidential Chair to Admiral Laroncière Le Noury, President of the French Geographical Society. After the discourse of the latter, speeches were made by all the Presidents of the principal Geographical Societies in Europe.

THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY was duly kept as a high holiday at Dublin. The main feature was a procession through the streets. No fewer than 40,000 persons, it is said, took part in the pageant, and ten times that number gathered on the thoroughfares to "see the long procession pass." There were two banquets in the evening, one of the Centenary Committee in the Exhibition Palace, the other in the Rotunda of the Trades. At the former, when the Lord Mayor proposed the toast "The Legislative Independence of Ireland," and associated with it Sir C. Gavan Duffy, loud cries were raised for Mr. Butt. The Lord Mayor appealed for silence, but in vain; and though he threatened to stay, if need be, till morning in order to have the toast fully honored, the more he appealed, the more vociferous grew the guests in their cries for Mr. Butt. Clergymen and laymen appealed in turn, but in vain. Mr. Butt then rose, and essayed to speak, but before he uttered a word the Lord Mayor abruptly left the chair, followed by the Roman Catholic prelates and foreign dignitaries. Sir Colman O'Loghlen and several of the guests still remained seated, and cries were raised to place the Mayor of Cork in the chair. The lights were turned down amid cries of "Shame!" and darkness, for the time, ended the controversy.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE INTO INDIA, Central India, recently, created a great sensation, the Maharajah Holkar being there to welcome it. The artist who made the sketch illustrating this scene is a Hindoo clerk, named Decadial, in the office of the chief engineer of Central India.

THE REGATTA AT GENOA, on the 25th of July, offered many brilliant scenes, one of which—that in front of the pavilion of the very popular Princess Margherita—is reproduced in our illustration.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Olympic was reopened on the 23d ult. A general variety business will be done this season. . . . Now that Colonel T. Allston Brown has assumed the management of the Theatre-Comique, the friends of this old stand-by will have entertainments of increased excellence. "Around New York in Thirty Minutes" created the old-time laughter last week. . . . The "Princess of Trebizond" proved a great card at Robinson Hall last week, and the success of giving the leading French opera-bouffe in English is well established. . . . Signor Rossi, with a French dramatic troupe, will appear in this city in November. . . . The "Big Bonanza" was revived at the Fifth Avenue last week. . . . Theodore Thomas gave an exclusively Beethoven concert at Central Park Garden on the 24th ult. . . . The first performance of "Around the World in Eighty Days" at the Academy was again postponed to the 28th ult. . . . The Park Theatre will be opened on the 4th, with "The Almighty Dollar." There will be an unusually fine season at this house, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Florence. . . . E. L. Davenport at the Grand Opera and Barry Sullivan at Booth's are playing rival Hamlets. Miss Laura Don enacts the Grand Opera House Ophelia. . . . Miss Minnie Palmer will play Elise Holt's "Bob" next season. . . . The Mexican Juvenile Opera Troupe is at the Fifth Avenue. . . . It is denied that the Grand Opera House is to be turned into a Philharmonic Garden.

PROVINCIAL.—F. C. Bangs is playing at Wood's Museum, Philadelphia. . . . The Boston Theatre opened on the 30th, with Chanfrau as the star, and "Kit" as the opening piece. . . . Emerson's California Minstrels commenced an engagement at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, on August 23d. . . . Miss Fannie Kellogg, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, a young lady with a soprano voice of rare quality, will sail from Boston for England this month to join the Ross English Opera Company. . . . Miss Genevieve Ward, who has been creating quite a furore throughout Great Britain, will make a professional tour of the United States in December, under the management of Max Strakosch. . . . Blind Tom performed at Milwaukee last week. . . . Miss Alice Dunning Lingard and Miss Dickie Lingard have been playing in the "Two Orphans" at the California Theatre, San Francisco. . . . Miss Clara Wildman is at present the attraction at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati. She appeared last week in "East Lynne," "Married and Divorced," and "Violet; or, The Life of an Actress." . . . Miss Charlotte Thompson acted at Rochester last week. . . . Miss Charlotte Cushman is confined to her bed by sickness at Newport. . . . The Brooklyn Theatre is now undergoing a thorough redecorating and remodelling, preparatory to the opening, which will probably take place about September 15th. . . . The Troubadours opened the season at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on August 30th. . . . At Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Daly's sensation of "Round the Clock" was the attraction last week. . . . Miss Anna Dradil, contralto, will sing in Boston the coming season.

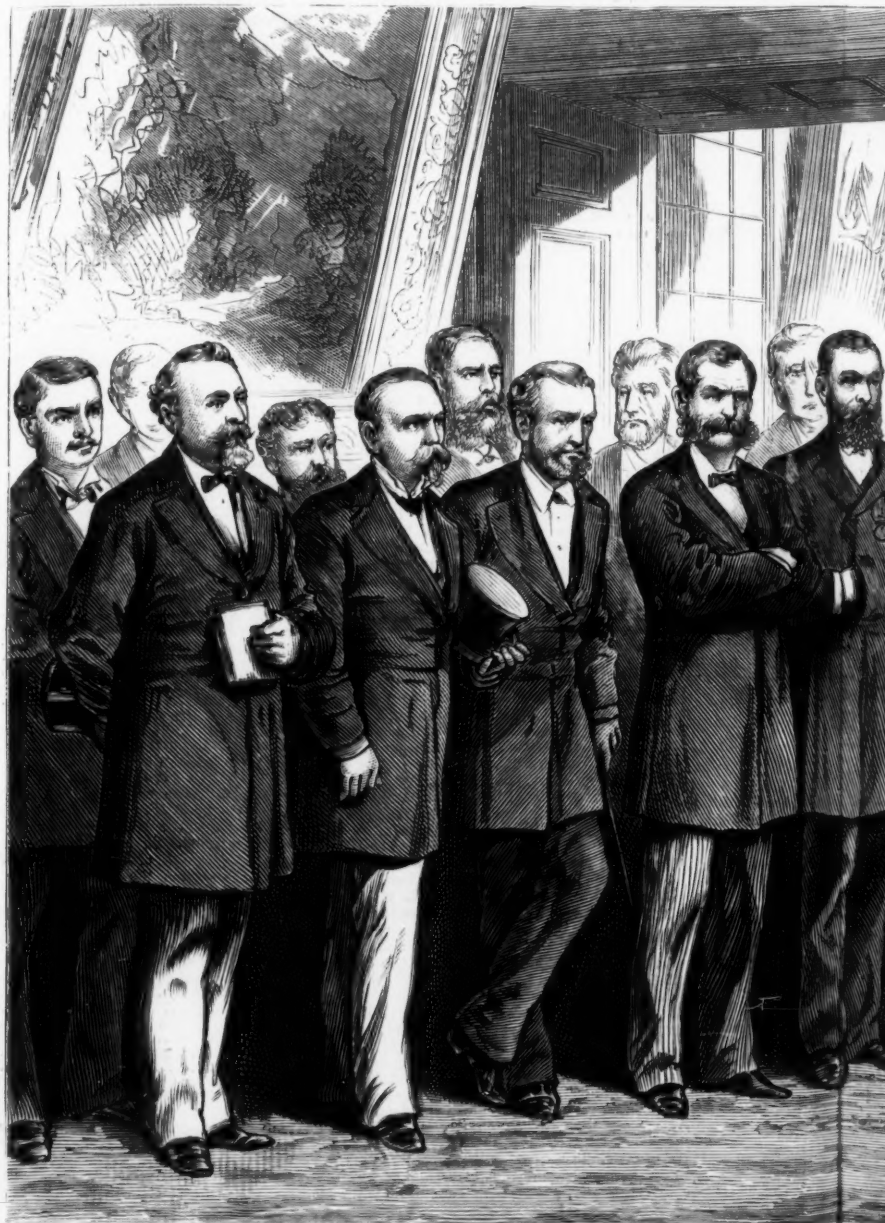
FOREIGN.—Mr. Boucicault was announced to appear at Drury Lane, London, September 4th, in the "Shaughraun." . . . Miss Clara Morris is seriously ill in Paris. . . . George Clarke will appear at the Theatre-Comique, London, in October, in a play written by Bernard. . . . Miss Lydia Thompson has a troupe of American blondes playing in England. . . . Mr. Frederic MacCabe, after giving his entertainment at Margate, goes to the Islington, London. . . . Dumas is in seclusion, writing what he considers his best comedy. . . . George Rignold is about returning to America. He met with moderate success in "Amos Clarke," in London. . . . Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who is about revisiting this country, has distinguished herself at a rifle match in the County Devon. With a Martini-Henri rifle she made a bull's-eye in the centre at 800 yards, no rest. . . . A French version of Boucicault's "Leah" is an immense success in Paris. . . . Charles Wheatleigh has done a big business with the "Shaughraun," in Australia. . . . Miss Pauline Markham is playing in Drury Lane, London. . . . Miss Neilson, at the advice of her physicians, will spend the remainder of the Summer at Spa.



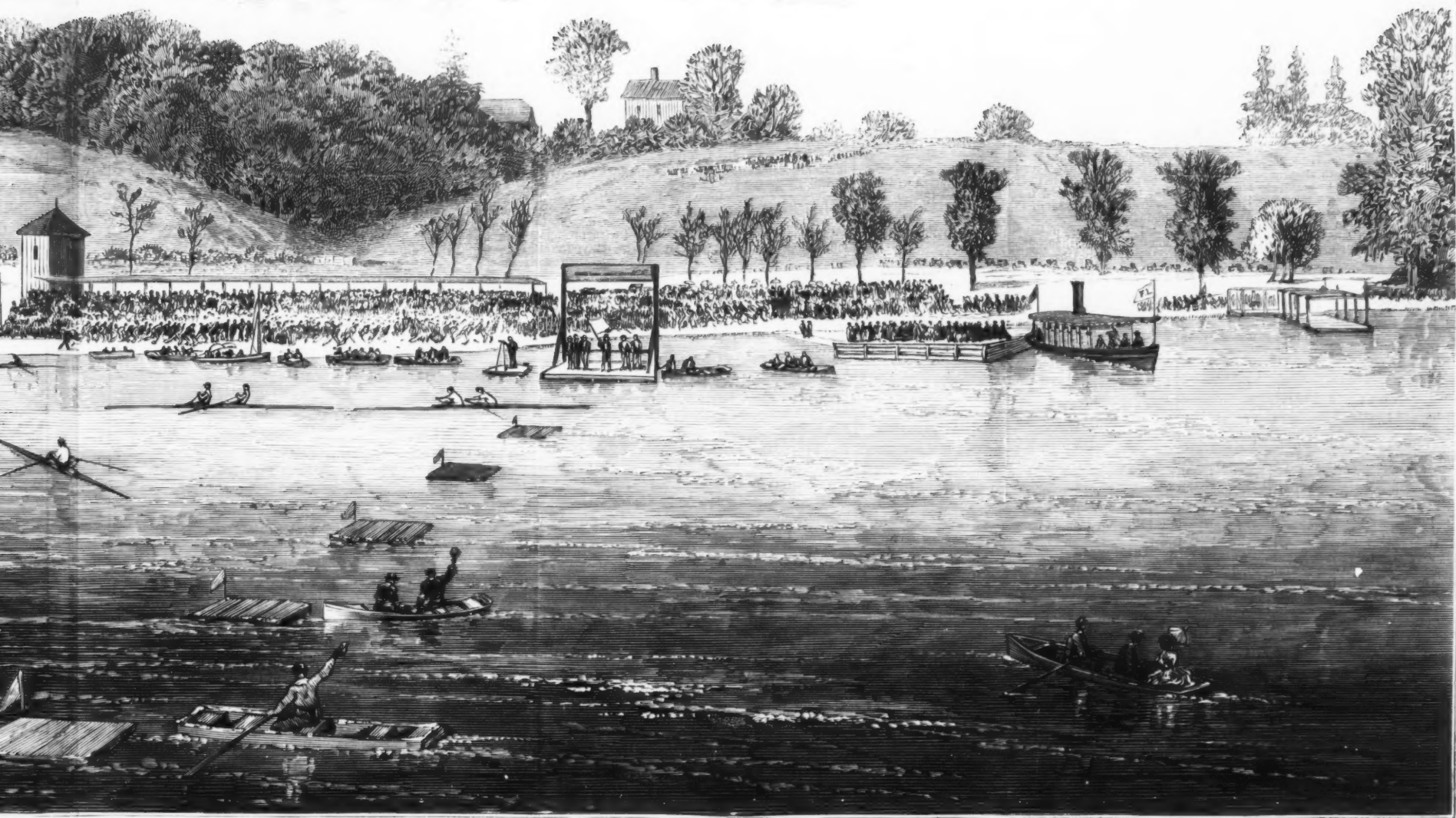
THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL REGATTA AT SARATOGA LAKE.—THE RACE FOR THE CUP.



THE AMERICAN RIFLE TEAM AT THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB, MONDAY, AUGUST 23D. COLONEL GILDERSLEEVE ADDRESSING THE CITIZENS.



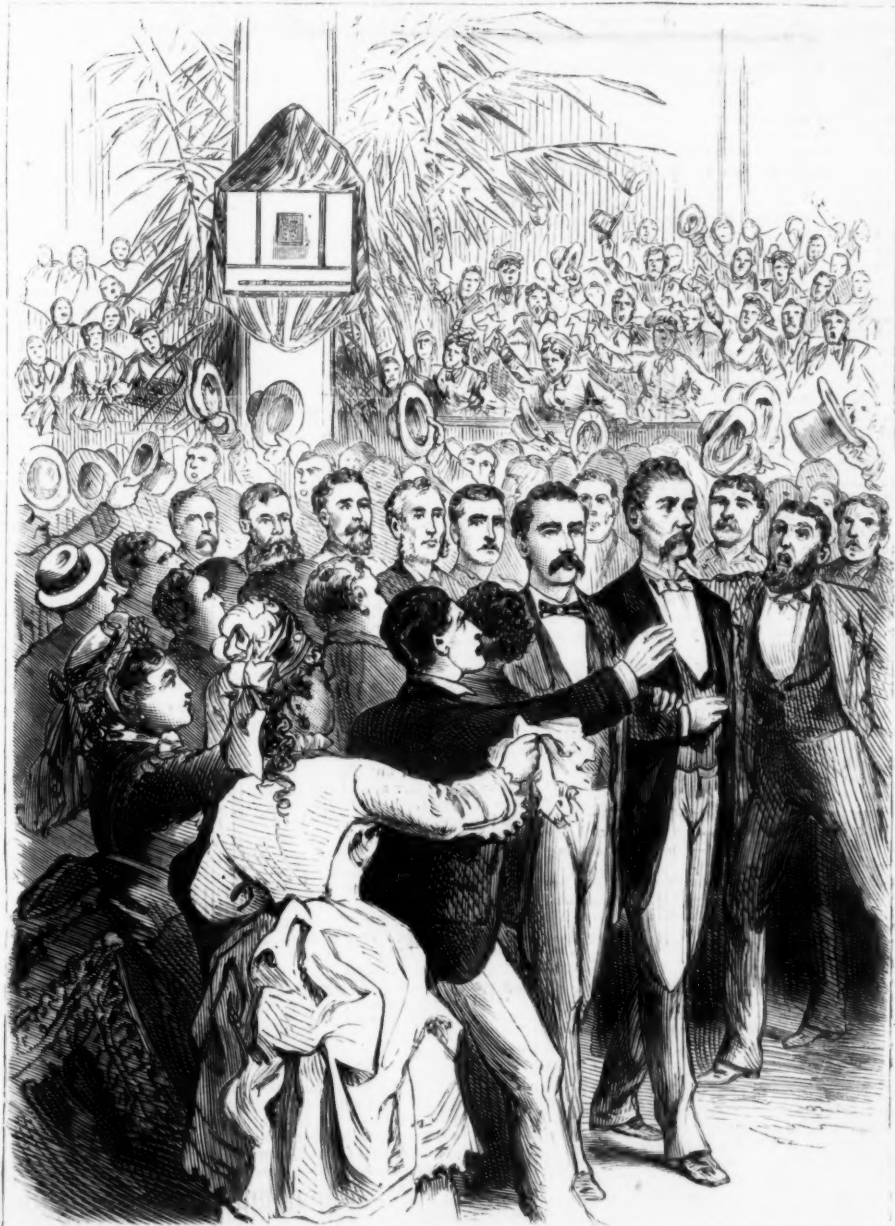
THE RETURN HOME OF THE AMERICAN RIFLE TEAM.—MAYOR WICKHAM DELIVERING A SPEECH AT NEW YORK CITY HALL, MONDAY, AUGUST 23D.



THE RACE FOR THE INTERLAKEN CUP.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 7.



KHAM DELIVERING THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, AT THE MALL, MONDAY, AUGUST 23D.—SEE PAGE 7.



OVATION TO THE AMERICAN RIFLE TEAM AT GILMORE'S GARDEN, MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23D.

I WISH HE WOULD MAKE UP HIS MIND.

By H. C. K.

I WISH he would make up his mind, ma,
For I do not care longer to wait;
I am sure I have hinted quite strongly,
That I thought about changing my state;
For a sweetheart he's really so backward,
I can't bring him out, though I try;
I own that he's very good tempered,
But then he's so dreadfully shy!

When I speak about love in a cottage,
He gives me a look of surprise;
And if I but hint at a marriage,
He blushes quite up to his eyes.
I can't make him jealous—I've tried it—
And 'tis no use my being unkind,
For that's not the way, I am certain,
To get him to make up his mind.

I've sung him love-sonnets by dozens,
I've worked him both slippers and hose,
And we've walked out by moonlight together;
Yet he never attempts to propose!
You must really ask his intention,
Or some other beau I must find;
For indeed I won't tarry much longer
For one who can't make up his mind.

Redeemed by Love.

By the author of "DORA THORNE," "THE MYSTERY OF THE HOLLY TREE," "THE SHADOW OF A SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE beautiful golden Summer came round, and Darrell Court looked picturesque and lovely with its richness of foliage and flush of flowers. The great magnolia-trees were all in bloom—the air was full of their delicate, subtle perfume; the chestnuts were in bloom, the limes all in blossom. Sweet Summer had scattered her treasures with no niggard hand; and Lady Darrell had lived to see the earth rejoice once more.

Under the limes, where the shadows of the graceful, tremulous, scented leaves fell on the grass—the limes that were never still, but always responding to some half-hidden whisper of the wind—stood Pauline Darrell and her lover, Sir Vane St. Lawrence. They had met but once since their hurried parting at Omberleigh. Vane had been to Darrell Court—for their engagement was no secret now. They wrote to each other constantly. On this fair June day Sir Vane had come to the Court with news that stirred the depths of the girl's heart as a fierce wind stirs the ripples on a lake.

As the sunlight fell through the green leaves and rested on her, the change in her was wonderful to see. The beautiful, noble face had lost all its pride, all its defiance; the play of the lips was tremulous, sensitive, and gentle; the light in the dark eyes was of love and kindness. Time had added to her loveliness; the grand, statuesque figure had developed more perfectly; the graceful attitude, the unconscious harmony, the indefinable grace and fascination, were more apparent than ever. But she no longer carried her grand beauty as a protest, but made it rather the crown of a pure and perfect womanhood.

Something dimmed the brightness of her face, for Sir Vane had come to her with strange news and a strange prayer. His arm was clasped round her as they walked under the shadow of the limes where lovers' footsteps had so often strayed.

"Yes, Pauline, it has come so unexpectedly at last," spoke Sir Vane. "Ever since Graveton has been in office, my dear mother has been unwearied in asking for an appointment for me. You know the story of our impoverished fortunes, and how anxious my dear mother is to retrieve them."

Her hand seemed to tighten its clasp on his as she answered:

"Yes, I know."
"Now an opportunity has come. Graveton, in answer to my mother's continued requests, has found for me a most lucrative office; but, alas, my love, it is in India, and I must shortly set out."

"In India," repeated Pauline; "and you must set out shortly, Vane? How soon?"

"In a fortnight from now," he answered. "It is an office that requires filling up at once, Pauline. I have come to ask if you will accompany me? Will you pardon the short notice, and let me take my wife with me to that far-off land? Do not let me go alone into exile—come with me, darling."

The color and light died out of her beautiful face, her lips quivered, and her eyes grew dim as with unshed tears.

"I cannot," she replied; and there was a silence between them that seemed full of pain.

"You cannot, Pauline!" he cried, and the sadness and disappointment in his voice made her lips quiver again. "Surely you will not allow any feminine nonsense about dress and preparations, any scruple about the shortness of time, to come between us? My mother bade me say that if you will consent she will busy herself night and day to help us to prepare. She bade me add her prayer to mine. Oh, Pauline, why do you say you cannot accompany me?"

The first shock had passed for her, and she raised her noble face to his.

"From no nonsense, Vane," she said. "You should know me better, dear, than that. Nothing can part us but one thing. Were it not for that, I would go with you to the very end of the world—I would work for you and with you."

"But what is it, Pauline?" he asked. "What is it, my darling?"

She clung to him more closely still.

"I cannot leave her, Vane—I cannot leave Lady Darrell. She is dying slowly—hour by hour, day by day—and I cannot leave her."

"But, my darling Pauline, there are others besides you to attend to the lady—Lady Hampton and Miss Hastings. Why should you give up your life thus?"

"Why?" she repeated. "You know why, Vane. It is the only atonement I can offer her. Heaven knows how gladly, how happily, I would this moment place my hand in yours and accompany you; my heart longs to do so. You are all I have in the world, and how I love you, you know, Vane. But it seems to me I owe Lady Darrell this reparation, and at the price of my life's happiness I must make it."

He drew her nearer to him, and kissed the trembling lips.

"She has suffered so much, Vane, through me—all through me. If I had but foregone my cruel vengeance, and when she came to me with doubt in her heart, if I had but spoken one kind word, the chances are that by this time she would have been Lady Aynsley, and I should have been free to accompany you, my beloved; but I must suffer for my sin. I ought to suffer, and I ought to atone to her."

"Your life, my darling," he said, "your beautiful, bright life, your love, your happiness, will all be sacrificed."

"They must be. You see, Vane, she clings to me in her sorrow. His name—Aubrey Langton's name—never passes her lips to any one else but me. She talks of him the night and the day through—it is the only comfort she has; and then she likes me to be with her, to talk to her and soothe her, and she tries so soon of any one else, I cannot leave her, Vane—it would shorten her life, I am sure."

He made no answer. She looked up at him with tearful eyes.

"Speak to me, Vane. It is hard, I know—but tell me that I am right."

"You are cruelly right," he replied. "Oh, my darling, it is very hard! Yet you make her a noble atonement for the wrong you have done—a noble reparation. My darling, is this how your vow of vengeance has ended—in the greatest sacrifice a woman could make?"

"Your love has saved me," she said, gently; "has shown me what is right and what is wrong—has cleared the mist from my eyes. But for that—oh, Vane, I hate to think what I should have been!"

"I wish it were possible to give up the appointment," he remarked, musingly.

"I would not have you do it, Vane. Think of Lady St. Lawrence—how she has worked for it. Remember, it is your only chance of ever being what she wishes to see you. You must not give it up."

"But how can I leave you, Pauline?"

"If you remain in England, it will make but little difference," she said. "I can never leave Lady Darrell while she lives."

"But, Pauline, it may be four, five, or six years before I return, and all that time shall I never see you?"

She wrung her hands, but no murmur passed her lips, save that it was her fault—all her fault—the price of her sin.

"Vane," she said, "you must not tell Lady Darrell what you came to ask me. She must know that you are here only to say good-by. I would rather keep her in ignorance; she will be the happier for not knowing."

Was ever anything seen like that love and that sorrow—the love of two noble souls, two noble hearts, and the sorrow that parting more bitter than death brought upon them? Even Miss Hastings did not know until long after Sir Vane was gone of the sacrifice Pauline had made in the brave endeavor to atone for her sin.

She never forgot the agony of that parting—how Sir Vane stood before them, pale, worn, and sad, impressing one thing on them all—care for his darling. Even to Lady Darrell, the frail delicate invalid, whose feeble stock of strength seemed to be derived from Pauline, he gave many charges.

"It will not be so long before I see her again," he said; "but you will keep her safely for me."

"I almost wonder," said Lady Darrell, "why you do not ask Pauline to accompany you, Sir Vane. For my own sake, I am most selfishly glad that you have not done so—I should soon die without her."

They looked at each other, the two who were giving up so much for her, but spoke no word.

Sir Vane was obliged to return to London that same day. He spoke of seeing Pauline again, but she objected—it would only be a renewal of most bitter and hopeless sorrow. So they bade each other farewell under the lime-trees. The bitter yet sweet memory of it lasted them for life. Miss Hastings understood somewhat of the pain it would cause, but, with her gentle consideration, she thought it best to leave Pauline for a time. Hours afterwards she went in search of her, and found her under the limes, weeping and moaning for the atonement she had to make for her sin.

CHAPTER XLIII.

TWO years passed away, and Sir Vane St. Lawrence's circumstances were rapidly improving; his letters were constant and cheerful—he spoke always of the time when he should come home and claim Pauline for his wife. She only sighed as she read the hopeful words, for she had resolved that duty should be her watchword while Lady Darrell lived—even should that frail, feeble life last for fifty years, she would never leave her.

There came to her child doubts and fears, dim, vague forebodings that she should never see Vane again—that their last parting was for ever; not that she doubted him, but that it seemed hopeless to think he would wait until her hair was gray, and the light of her youth had left her. Never mind—she had done her duty; she had sinned—but she had made the noblest atonement possible for her sin.

Two years had passed, and the Summer was drawing to a close. To those who loved and tended her, it seemed that Lady Darrell's life was closing with it. Even Lady Hampton had ceased to speak hopefully, and Darrell Court was gloomy with the shadow of the angel of death.

There came an evening when earth was very lovely—when the gold of the setting sun, the breath of the western wind, the fragrance of the flowers, the ripple of the fountains, the song of the birds were all beautiful beyond words to tell; and Lady Darrell, who had lain watching the smiling Summer heavens, said:

"I should like once more to see the sun set, Pauline. I should like to sit at the window, and watch the moon rise."

"So you shall," responded Pauline. "You are a fairy queen. You have but to wish, and the wish is granted."

Lady Darrell smiled—no one ever made her smile except Pauline; but the fulfillment of the wish was not so easy, after all. Lady Hampton's foreboding was realized. Lady Darrell might have recovered from her long, serious illness, but that her mother's complaint, the deadly inheritance of consumption, had seized upon her, and was gradually destroying her. It was no easy matter now to dress the wasted figure; but Pauline seemed to have the strength, the energy, of twenty nurses. She was always willing, always cheerful, always ready; night and day seemed alike to her; she would look at her hands and say:

"Oh, Elinor, I wish I could give you one-half my strength—one-half my life!"

"Do you?" Pauline, if you could give me half your life, would you do so?"

"As willingly as I am now speaking to you," she would answer.

They dressed the poor lady, whose delicate beauty had faded like some Summer flower. She sat at the window in a soft nest of cushions which Pauline had prepared for her, her wasted hands folded, her worn face brightened with the Summer sunshine. She was very silent and thoughtful for some time, and then Pauline, fearing that she was dull, knelt, in the fashion that was usual to her, at Lady Darrell's feet, and held the wasted hands in hers.

"What are you thinking about, Elinor?" she asked. "Something as bright as the sunshine?"

Lady Darrell smiled.

"I was just fancying to myself that every blossom of that white magnolia seemed like a finger beckoning me away," she said; "and I was thinking, also, how full of mistakes life is, and how plainly they can be seen when we come to die."

Pauline kissed the thin fingers. Lady Darrell went on.

"I can see my own great mistakes, Pauline. I should not have married Sir Oswald. I had no love for him—not the least in the world; I married him only for position and fortune. I should have taken your warning, and not have come between your uncle and you. His resentment would have died away, for I am quite sure that in his heart he loved you; he would have forgiven you, and I should have had a happier, longer life. That was my mistake—my one great mistake. Another was that I had a certain kind of doubt about poor Aubrey. I cannot explain it; but I know that I doubted him even when I loved him, and I should have waited some time before placing the whole happiness of my life in his hands. Yet it seems hard to pay for those mistakes with my life, does it not?"

And Pauline, to whom all sweet and womanly tenderness seemed to come by instinct, soothed Lady Darrell with loving words until she smiled again.

"Pauline," she said, suddenly, "I wish to communicate something to you. I wish to tell you that I have made my will, and have left Darrell Court to you, together with all the fortune Sir Oswald left me. I took your inheritance from you once, dear; now I restore it to you. I have left my aunt, Lady Hampton, a thousand a year; you will not mind that—it comes back to you at her death."

"I do not deserve your kindness," said Pauline, gravely.

"Yes, you do; and you will do better with your uncle's wealth than I have done. I have only been dead in life. My heart was broken—and I have had no strength, no energy. I have done literally nothing; but you will act differently, Pauline—you are a true Darrell, and you will keep in the true traditions of your race. In my poor, feeble hands they have all fallen through. If Sir Vane returns, you will marry him; and, oh, my darling, I wish you a happy life! As for me, I shall never see the sun set again."

The feeble voice died away in a tempest of tears; and Pauline, frightened, made haste to speak of something else, to change the current of her thoughts.

But Lady Darrell was right. She never saw the sun set or the moon rise again—the trail life ended gently as a child falls asleep. She died the next day, when the sun was shining its brightest at noon; and her death was so calm that they thought it sleep.

She was buried, not in the Darrell vault, but, by Pauline's desire, in the pretty cemetery at Audleigh Royal. Her death proved no shock, for every one had expected it. Universal sympathy and kindness followed her to her grave. The short life was ended, and its annals were written in sand.

Lady Hampton had given way; her old dislike of Pauline had changed into deep admiration of her sweet, womanly virtues, her graceful humility.

"If any one had ever told me," she said, "that Pauline Darrell would have turned out as she has, I could not have believed it. The way in which she devoted herself to my niece was wonderful. I can only say that, in my opinion, she deserves Darrell Court."

The legacy made Lady Hampton very happy; it increased her income so handsomely, that she resolved to live no longer at the Elms, but to return to London where the happiest part of her life had been spent.

"I shall come to Darrell Court occasionally," she said, "so that you may not quite forget me;" and Pauline was surprised to find that she felt nothing save regret at parting with one whom she had disliked with all the injustice of youth.

A few months afterwards came a still greater surprise. The lover from whom Miss Hastings had been parted in her early youth—who had left England for Russia long years ago, and whom she had believed dead—returned to England, and never rested until he had found his lost love.

In vain the gentle, kind-hearted lady protested that she was too old to marry—that she had given up all thoughts of love. Mr. Breton would not hear of it, and Pauline added her entreaties to his.

"But I cannot leave you, my dear," said Miss Hastings. "You cannot live all by yourself."

"I shall most probably have to spend my life alone," she replied, "and I will not have your happiness sacrificed to mine."

Between her lover and her pupil, Miss Hastings found all resistance hopeless. Pauline took a positive delight and pleasure in the preparations for the marriage, and, in spite of all that Miss Hastings could say to the contrary, she insisted upon settling a very handsome income upon her.

There was a tone of sadness in all that Pauline said with reference to her future, which struck Miss Hastings with wonder.

"You never speak of your own marriage," she said, "or your own future—why is it, Pauline?"

The beautiful face was overshadowed for a moment, and then she replied:

"It is because I have no hope. I had a presentiment, when Vane went away, that I should not see him again. There are some strange thoughts always haunting me. If I reap as I have sowed, what then?"

"My dear child, no one could do more than you have done. You repented of your fault, and atoned for it in the best way you were able."

But the lovely face only grew more sad.

"I was so willful, so proud, so scornful. I did not deserve a happy life. I am trying to forget all the romance and the love, all the poetry of my youth, and to live only for my duty."

"But Sir Vane will come back," said Miss Hastings.

"I do not know—all the hope seemed to die in my heart when he went away. But let us talk of you and your future without reference to mine."

Miss Hastings was married, and after she had gone away, Pauline Darrell was left alone with her inheritance at last.

CHAPTER XLIV., AND LAST.

SIX years had passed since the marriage of the governess left Miss Darrell alone. She heard as constantly as ever from Sir Vane; he had made money rapidly. It was no longer the desire to make a fortune which kept him away, but the fact that in the part of the country where he was great danger existed, and that, having been placed there in a situation of trust, he could not well leave it; so of late a hopeless tone had crept into his letters. He made no reference to coming home; and Pauline, so quick, so sensitive, saw in this reticence the shadow of her own presentiment.

Six years had changed Pauline Darrell from a beautiful girl to a magnificent woman; her beauty was of that grand and queenly kind that of itself is a noble dowry. The years had but added to it. They had given a more statuesque grace to the perfect figure; they had added tenderness, thought

and spirituality to the face; they had given to her beauty a charm that it had never worn in her younger days.

Miss Darrell of Darrell Court had made for herself a wonderful reputation. There was no estate in England so well managed as hers. From one end to the other the Darrell domain was, people said, a garden. Pauline had done away with the old cottages and ill-drained farmhouses, and in their stead pretty and commodious buildings had been erected. She had fought a long and fierce battle with ignorance and prejudice, and she had won. She had established schools where children were taught, first to be good Christians, and then good citizens, and where useful knowledge was made much of. She had erected almshouses for the poor, and a church where rich and poor, old and young, could worship God together. The people about her rose up and called her blessed; tenants, dependants, servants, all had but one word for her, and that was of highest praise. To do good seemed the object of her life, and she had succeeded so far.

No young queen was ever more popular or more beloved than this lady with her sweet, grave smile, her tender womanly ways, her unconscious grandeur of life. She made no stir, no demonstration, though she was the head of a grand old race, the representative of an old honored family, the holder of a great inheritance; she simply did her duty as nobly as she knew how to do it. There was no thought of self left in her, her whole energies were directed for the good of others. If Sir Oswald could have known how the home he loved was cared for, he would have been proud of his successor. The Hall itself, the park, the grounds, were all in perfect order. People wondered how it was all arranged by this lady, who never seemed hurried nor talked of the work she did.

Pauline occupied herself incessantly, for the bright hopes of girlhood, she felt, were hers no longer; she had admitted that the romance, the passion, the poetry of her youth were forgotten, but she tried to think them dead. People wondered at her gravity. She had many admirers, but she never showed the least partiality for any of them. There seemed to be some shadow over her, and only those who knew her story knew what it was—that it was the shadow of her absent love.

She was standing one day in the library alone, the same library where so much of what had been eventful in her life had happened. The morning had been a busy one; tenants, agents, business people of all kinds had been there, and Pauline felt tired.

Darrell Court, the grand inheritance she had loved, and in some measure longed for, was hers; she was richer than she had ever dreamed of being, and, as she looked round on the treasures collected in the library, she thought to herself with a sigh, "Of what avail are they, save to make others happy?" She would have given them all to be by Vane's side, no matter how great their poverty, no matter what they had to undergo together; but now it seemed that this bright young lover of hers was to wither away, to be heard of no more.

So from the beautiful lips came a deep sigh; she was tired, wearied with the work and incessant care that the management of her estates entailed. She did not own it even to herself, but she longed for the presence of the only being whom she loved.

She was bending over some beautiful japonicas—for, no matter how depressed she might be, she always found solace in flowers—when she heard the sound of a horse's rapid trot.

"Farmer Bowman back again," she said to herself, with a smile; "but I must not give way to him."

She was so certain that it was her tiresome tenant, that she did not even turn her head when the door opened and some one entered the room—some one who did not speak, but who went up to her with a beating heart, laid one hand on her bowed head, and said:

"Pauline, my darling, have you no word of welcome for me?"

It was Vane. With a glad cry of welcome—a cry such as a lost child gives when it reaches its mother's arms—the cry of a long cherished, trusting love—she turned, and was clasped in his arms, her haven of rest, her safe refuge, her earthly paradise, attained at last.

"At last!" she murmured. But he spoke no word to her. His eyes were noting her increased beauty. He kissed the sweet lips, the lovely face.

"My darling," he said, "I left you a beautiful girl, but I find you a woman beautiful beyond all comparison. It has seemed to me an age since I left you, and now I am never to go away again. Pauline, you will be kind to me for the sake of my long, true, deep love? You will be my wife as soon as I can make arrangements—will you not?"

There was no coquetry, no affectation about her; the light deepened on her noble face, her lips quivered, and then she told him: "Yes, whenever you wish."

They conversed that evening until the sun had set. He told her all his experience since he had left her, and she found that he had passed through London without even waiting to see Lady St. Lawrence, so great had been his longing to see her.

But the next day Lady St. Lawrence came down, and by Sir Vane's wish preparations for the marriage were begun at once. Pauline preferred to be married at Audleigh Royal, and among her own people.

They tell now of that glorious wedding—of the sun that seemed to shine more brightly than it had ever shone before—of the rejoicings and festivities such as might have attended the bridal of an empress—of the tears and blessings of the poor—of the good wishes that would have made earth heaven had they been realized. There never was such a wedding before.

Every other topic failed before the one that seemed inexhaustible—the wonderful beauty of the bride. She was worthy of the crown of orange-blossoms, and she wore them with a grace all her own. Then, after the wedding, Sir Vane and Pauline went to Omberleigh. That was the latter's fancy, and, standing that evening where she had seen Vane first, she blessed him and thanked him with grateful tears that he had redeemed her by his great love.

THE END.

LAST MONTH one hundred and sixty-four thousand six hundred and eighty-one melons were exported from Augusta, Ga., to Western and Northern markets, and yet there was a melon a day left for every darkey cultivator in the State above and beyond the consumption among the whites.

NEW YORK'S "SCOTLAND YARD."

By MONTAGUE L. MARKS.

II.

THE Police Commissioners have their offices on the second-floor of the building. You can see the name of each painted on the glass door of his room. Scores of politicians are hanging about the hall and ante-rooms, some with their constituents who are aspiring to be policemen, and whose claims they are waiting for a chance to urge upon the Commissioners. One of these candidates has just come out of a Commissioners' room, and has a blank form of application in his hand, which he is trying to read. He thinks that he is already a policeman, and his countenance falls when his patron, to whom he shows the form, tells him that, after filling it in himself, he will have to get it indorsed by five reputable citizens who have known him for five years, and will vouch for him; then he will have to go before the Board of Surgeons for examination, which all candidates must pass. That ordeal will very much surprise him, if I am not mistaken. If he is to pass, he will have to read with more ease than he does as we see him now, with puzzled air, still conning over the paper he has in his hand. When the surgeons get him into their room, they will strip him, measure him, weigh him, feel of his limbs, look down his throat, pound his chest, and, in fact, handle him pretty roughly. But, as he is a great strapping fellow, he can stand all that, and will not have to resort to such tricks as some candidates have tried, like drinking water to add to weight, putting a layer of wax on the head with the hair combed over it to add to height; or—as one fellow did, who did not know that he would have to stand barefooted—padding the socks at the heels. Our friend will have nothing to fear as to these points, if he only succeeds with his reading and writing lesson, which is not very hard. He may, for all we know, be clubbing you or me a month or so hence, and he will certainly have the advantage of us then, however much we may plume ourselves now on being his superiors by reason of our better acquaintance with the mysteries of "the three R's."

A company of recruits, just dismissed from the School of Instruction, where they have been nearly all the morning, are coming down-stairs rather noisily. It is twelve o'clock, and they are going to dinner. They will be back at one o'clock, when the drill-captain will turn them over to the sergeant, who will march them down to the Eleventh Regiment Armory, over Central Market, where they will drill for two hours. Nearly all of them have parcels of clothing under their arms; some have on the uniform coat, others the cap, others the pantaloons, a few the complete uniform, and all wear the belt and club. But, despite their nondescript attire, for an awkward squad they are a good-looking body of men, and ought to make efficient policemen.

To-day being Wednesday, at one o'clock there will be trials of officers, up-stairs, for breaches of discipline, and now we are about to witness the proceedings. Complaints of civilians against policemen are tried at the same hour on Thursdays, when it is common to see as complainant some poor fellow with head bandaged, and perhaps an arm in a sling, who has been clubbed within an inch of his life for being a little slow in "moving on" when ordered to do so by the autocrats of the sidewalk. One cannot attend these trials without being struck by the large number of arbitrary arrests that are daily made, and the petty tyranny that is daily exercised against the public by their sworn protectors. The complaints formally brought before the Commissioners can only be a small proportion of the whole number of cases of official oppression that happen. There is little encouragement for the victim to prefer charges. Unless he be well supported by witnesses, he is pretty sure to be nonsuited; for in the department there is such *esprit de corps*—if one may use the phrase to convey the idea of comrades banding together to save themselves from the consequences of their undue exercise of authority—that, if needed, the whole section of policemen in the precinct in which the arrest has been made will come forward to swear away the good name of the complainant, if their testimony as to the occurrence itself should not be enough to save the accused. This is no wild assertion, as every one knows who is familiar with the inside workings of the Department.

The trials to-day are for breaches of discipline, for the most part petty offenses. As we enter the court-room, an officer is brought to the bar, charged with "failing to report a dead cat on his post." He is fined two days' pay. The next case is one of alleged drunkenness, and station-house experts, who undertake to say what a man has been drinking by smelling his breath, give their testimony. The charge being made by an unpopular sergeant, supported by an equally unpopular roundsman, against a popular patrolman, the comrades of the accused, with that peculiar *esprit de corps* already alluded to, rally around him, to the sore perplexity of the prosecution. The testimony is so conflicting, that the presiding Commissioner will not trust himself to decide the case, and it is finally referred to the full Board for judgment.

There are some forty more cases on the calendar for to-day, but we have heard enough. We will go up-stairs now to the Lost Children's Bureau, and so end our tour of the building.

The rooms are on the top floor. Mrs. Webb, the Matron, meets us on the landing and shows the way into her cozy parlor, which opens into the kitchen, nursery and dormitory. The rooms are all neatly kept, the kitchen particularly being a model of its kind. The copper saucepans look like gold, the tinware like silver, and the burnished crockery, all methodically arranged along the clean pine shelves of the dresser, fairly dazzles one with its brilliancy. Bustling about the kitchen, putting in order such things as may be out of place, is a buxom lass of fourteen or fifteen, who looks like a small edition of the good Matron, whose name she bears. But she is no kin of Mrs. Webb. One wintry day, years ago, she came to the house of the latter, a waif from the streets, and has been cared for, as her own child, ever since.

Entering the nursery, to which the Matron's pigeon-holed desk near the door gives a business-like air, our eyes rest upon three rows of little chairs. Scattered in them are half a dozen children of ages ranging from twelve months to as many years, all crowing, laughing, or playing, in blissful ignorance that, if not claimed in a day or two, they will be sent to join the hundreds of other little waifs in the great brick house on Randall's Island, until they become old enough to be apprenticed out to farmers, mechanics, or such other persons as will be willing to take them off the hands of the city. When I was here last time there was sitting in one of these chairs, singing merrily, a pale, delicate little fellow, about six years old, whom they called Johnny. He had been found on a doorstep, a few nights before—with a note, written by his father, pinned to his frock, begging that some benevolent person would take care of the child, as he was able to do so no longer—and was brought by

a policeman to the Central Office. The boy was so quiet and had such a scared, timid look, that at first he was thought to be half-witted. He had a trick of putting his fingers to his ears, and imitating the tinkling of a bell and the sound of escaping steam. After a while, the Matron found out that he had lived with his father on a steamboat, and it would seem to the child that the old familiar sounds were still ringing in his ears. Mrs. Webb became warmly attached to him, and could not bear the idea of parting with him. We ask her where he is now, and she tells, with tears in her eyes, that he has been sent to the Insane Asylum. She insists, however, that he was sane, and that, with proper treatment, he would soon have lost his scared look and odd little ways.

The children sitting in the back row of little chairs are three brothers, who are brought in from the streets about once a week, while their father and mother are lying drunk at home, or locked up in the station-house. They are generally shockingly dirty, probably never getting a complete bath and change of clothes except when in the temporary care of Mrs. Webb. To-morrow, their wretched mother will come blubbering, as usual, to the Central Office, in search of the children, and they will have to be surrendered to her.

In a chair in the next row is a dear little girl, about four years old, handsomely dressed, who wandered from her nurse, in Central Park, this morning, and was brought in by a policeman; but her parents know where she is now, and she will go home in a little while.

The little tots, brother and sister, sitting in front, were found in Broadway, about an hour ago, toddling along, hand in hand, quite undismayed at the noise and bustle about them. They are too young to give an account of themselves, but they are neatly dressed, and are probably the children of well-to-do parents, who should know enough to take better care of them. They will, doubtless, be claimed. The children brought here, who are sent to our charitable institutions, seldom belong to this class of waifs. The three children of drunken parents we have noticed in the back row are of the kind most largely represented in the big red building on Randall's Island.

These rows of little chairs in Mrs. Webb's nursery have to me a fascinating interest. Hard common little chairs they are; but I know that, had they speech and intelligence, they would have many a story to tell, many a romance of real life, begun in this room, at least equal in interest to the wonderful romances of fiction. What stories could be told of the waifs who, one time or another, have sat in these little chairs; or who, one time or another, have slept in the snowy little beds we catch a glimpse of through the half-open door of the dormitory! Of the newly-born infant, a fresh burden to its starving parents—picked up by the passing policeman, half-frozen in the snow, wrapped in a newspaper and nothing more—now grown up to be a strong man or woman! Of the sweet babe, born in sin, heartlessly deserted by its fashionable mother, adopted and cared for by some poor, unfashionable, big-hearted mother who has learned to love her own! Of such a child, perhaps, after years reclaimed by its legitimate mother, impelled by remorse, and, let us hope, her better nature! Perhaps, of such a child not reclaimed, but now grown up to maidenhood, passing her days in a public institution of charity, while the mother lives in wealth and luxury, indifferent as to the existence of the child, except inasmuch as the existence of the child may lead to her own exposure! It being my purpose to close the present sketch with some fair example of the romance that is to be found in our New York "Scotland Yard," and this last case offering some of the best material for that purpose, I do not know that I can do better than select it for my illustration.

The heroine—now a comely, dark-eyed, olive-complexioned, graceful girl of fifteen—when a baby, was given by a valet lady to a New York policeman, who received with the child a large sum of money. The lady, who is the daughter of a wealthy Staten Islander, had secretly married a Spaniard, a worthless fellow—her music-teacher, I believe. By the advice of her parents, who refused to have anything to do with him, or with her as long as she lived with him, she bribed her husband to leave her and go to Europe, where he died a little while afterwards. During his absence the child was born, but the fact was kept as secret as the marriage of the mother, and, outside of the immediate family, so remains to this day—the policeman alone, it is said, knowing her name. The lady is married again, and has several children.

The policeman, on receiving the babe and the money, resigned his position on the force and went to Utica, where he bought a cottage, and brought up the child as his own. The girl soon showed her disposition to be self-willed, wild and impetuous. When but nine years old, she became a reader of romances that gave her a longing for adventure, and a suspicion that she was not the policeman's child having entered her head, she ransacked his desk in which he kept his private papers, and found enough there to satisfy her that she was right. She demanded the name of her mother and it being refused, she threatened to go in search of her. The ex-policeman tried to pacify her by promising to tell her all one day, when she should be old enough and discreet enough to know how to act in the matter; but the girl was full of romantic ideas, and, putting her threat into effect, ran away from the cottage. She came to New York, and applied, without success, for an engagement on the stage, and to Mr. Barnum for a position as rider in his circus. Then, being found destitute in the streets, she was brought by an officer to the Police Central Office and given into Mrs. Webb's care. Her reputed father was telegraphed for by Superintendent (then Inspector) Walling, and came on to take her home, but she refused to go with him, and upbraided him bitterly for withholding from her the name of her mother. Mrs. Webb took charge of her for several days, trying, with but little success, to induce her to be reasonable. After a while the girl seemed to have been won by the Matron's kindness; but it turned out that she was only trying to get the Matron to relax her watchfulness. One day Mrs. Webb took her over the building, showing her, among other things, the prison-cells, in one of which was confined, at the time, one of the Westchester masked burglars. The foolish child, attracted by the rather handsome face of the robber, began a secret correspondence with him, hiding in the sugar-bowl, that was sent him on his breakfast-tray from the Matron's room, little notes planning their flight together from the Police Central Office, which he duly answered through the same medium. But Mrs. Webb, instead of the young lady, happening to empty the sugar-bowl one morning, found a note from the burglar to the girl, the discovery of which, of course, upset all the plans of the strangely paired confederates.

The butler was convicted, and is now serving out a term of years in Sing Sing. The young lady is an inmate of the Juvenile Asylum near High Bridge, where, by submission and good behavior, she is striving to win over the ex-policeman to the fulfillment of his conditional promise to tell her the secret of her birth.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ATTEMPT to ship salmon ova from Glasgow to New Zealand has failed, although every precaution was taken to preserve their vitality while on shipboard, and the cause is assigned to imperfect ventilation. The eggs remained packed 121 days, nine days longer than Buckland and Youl have proved that the development of the fish may be safely retarded by ice.

THE Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna has taken up a question in which all Europe may be said to be interested, namely, the decrease of the quantity of water in springs, streams and rivers. A circular, accompanied by an able and instructive report, has been addressed to scientific societies in other countries, in the hope that they may be persuaded to undertake observations which, in course of time, may furnish data for practical use.

DERING the excavations which are being made near the Houses of Parliament for the foundation of the Thames Embankment Extension, some interesting relics have been brought to light. A deposit containing freshwater shells, at a depth of about thirty-two feet from the surface and only a few feet above the London clay, has yielded the remains of a bovine animal, probably the Celtic short-horn (*Bos longifrons*), and, it is said, the bones of a remarkable rodent, a portion of a human skull, and a flint knife.

THE INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHICAL EXHIBITION at Paris will be made unusually interesting by the display of a complete collection of dresses used by the natives of Greenland, furnished by the Danish delegate; an immense portfolio of photographs illustrating the labors of the British explorers under the Palestine fund; all the original maps of Paris from the celebrated tapestry to Haussmann's latest; and also by the erection by Russia and Austria of elegant pavilions in which their geographical curiosities will be placed.

IT HAS been generally considered that the habit of opium-eating was incurable, and eminent physicians have united in the expression that the victim could no more break away from his habit than the paralytic could throw off his lethargy. It had apparently been left to an American physician to discover a positive antidote. Dr. S. B. Collins, of La Porte, Ind., has for seven years been treating the evil with a preparation which accomplishes a cure without either pain or inconvenience. The antidote serves at the start as a perfect substitute for opium, and as its use is continued all desire for the drug becomes gradually exterminated.

M. ROBIN, an eminent French chemist, announces to the French Academy of Medicine his belief that life exists only in combustion, but the combustion which occurs in our bodies—like that which takes place in chimneys—leaves a *détritus* which is fatal to life. To remove this, he would administer lactic acid with ordinary food. This acid is known to possess the power of removing or destroying the incrustations which form on the arteries, cartilages and valves of the heart; and, as buttermilk abounds in such acid, and is, moreover, an acceptable kind of food, its habitual use, it is urged by M. Robin, will free the system from these causes, which inevitably cause death between the 75th and the 100th year.

AT NARA, an old capital of the Mikado, where seven of the descendants of the Sun reigned in the eighth century, is an immense wooden barn, built by one of the kings, and where he placed all the treasures of his palace, previous to the removal of the Government to Kyoto, where it has been ever since. This barn has been carefully repaired every sixty-one years, and is now entire and sound. The treasures have been from time to time inspected, and some few additions have been made to those which are found in the original catalogue. All these things have now for the first time, after lying for 1,100 years, been brought out, and are exhibited in the great temple of Diabutz. Such a collection of authentic antiquities, illustrating one era, certainly does not exist in any other part of the world. The objects are most various in kind, many of them, no doubt, Chinese or Indian, and throwing light upon the arts of these two countries, such as one could hardly get anywhere else.

MR. JAMES MCCARROLL, of New York city, has written a very clever article on the subject of Graduated Atmospheres, which will attract much attention. He says, among other things: "For the sake of illustration, let us, in imagination, project a line perpendicular to the equator for a distance of twenty thousand feet in the direction of the midday sun; and let us assume that this line is identical with the course of a single impulse sped through space from that luminary to the earth, in relation to which impulse, or ray of light, if you will, the angle of incidence and of reflection shall coincide. Let us now, while the vertical sun rests on the top of this line, as it were, philosophize upon some of the strata of atmosphere through which it passes, always remembering that the atmosphere is densest at the level of the sea, and that it becomes gradually attenuated as we ascend through the regions of space. Now, it has been ascertained, beyond peradventure, that at the lower end of this line a man may be dying from the effects of extreme heat the self-same moment that, at the upper end, which is nearer the sun, another man may be dying from the effects of extreme cold—the one being broiled and the other being frozen to death. Nor is this all; for, midway between these two victims, or at a height of nine or ten thousand feet, we find a third person enjoying himself in the open air to the top of his bent. At no point of the earth's surface are the regions, or, rather, the extremes, of heat and cold, defined so sharply as under the line. This is, doubtless, owing to the fact that the angle of incidence, and that of reflection, are coincident on the part of the solar beams. As we recede from the equator this angle becomes greater and greater, with a corresponding diminution of light and heat, until we reach the poles, where it falls into one horizontal line, as it were. And perhaps this gradual diminution of light and heat is not so much owing to the alleged fact that as we recede from the line any given number of rays of light are made to cover a greater space, as to the obvious one that the angle of incidence and that of reflection become more obtuse at each successive step. Pencils of what we call light are of infinitesimal proportions. Let us, then, project one of the smallest within the compass of an experiment upon a reflecting surface in a dark room, and perhaps we shall be able to discover that the secondary ray performs a more important mission in the concentration of light and heat than is usually accredited to it; for it is obvious that, the smaller the angle here, the more light and heat are expressed within it; while it appears to be equally true, also, that the gradual shading off of climate, from intense heat to intense cold between the equator and the poles, is owing perhaps more clearly to the gradual augmentation of this combined angle than to any other circumstance. Still, at any intervening point, the vertical admeasurement, through the atmosphere, holds relatively good—that is, the more attenuated any of the strata, the colder and, doubtless, the darker it is. From these few speculations, it may possibly appear to some that the nearness of a planet to the sun, or the remoteness of one from that mighty orb, has not, after all, so much to do with the degree of light and heat experienced by these bodies. Graduated atmospheres, from Mercury to Neptune, would seem to secure something like an equal distribution of light and heat among all the members of our system. A highly attenuated atmosphere for Mercury, and one correspondingly dense for Neptune, would place both these planets in a more comfortable position, in our imagination, than they have occupied heretofore."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MISS MARIA AUDUBON, granddaughter of the deceased naturalist, is the best swimmer at Watch Hill, Conn.

RICHARD H. DANA was born before Byron, Shelley and Keats, and was contemporary with Mozart, Butkus and Cowper. He will be eighty-eight years old in November next.

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS has organized a centennial commission among the ladies of Memphis, and a grand tea-party is to be given September 24 in aid of the cause. Is not this, too, an insult to the patriotism of the North?

JOHN H. BIRD, of Laurens, S. C., has presented the Palmetto Guard of Charleston the first Confederate flag ever publicly displayed. It was raised on the bark *Jesse*, bound for Charleston, in New York harbor, before any ordinance of secession had been passed.

JUDON BEVERLEY R. WELFORD, Jr., of Richmond, has been elected Professor of Common and Statute Law in the Washington and Lee University. He is a graduate of Princeton, and after practicing law for many years at Richmond, was elected Judge of that Circuit in 1869, a position he still retains.

THE Episcopal Convention of the Diocese of Illinois, which is to be held early in September, will have much difficulty in deciding the question of the Bishopric. Professor Seymour was elected by the Low Church party and Dr. DeKoven by the High, but as frauds were charged in both cases, neither party was permitted to qualify.

REVERDY JOHNSON lost one of his eyes twenty-eight years ago by the rebound of a pistol-ball while practicing at a target. He had accepted the honor of being second to a friend who had a duel on hand, and fearing something might prevent the appearance of his principal, was getting in trim to take his place. A reconciliation was effected, but not a recovery of the eye.

THE telegram announcing the death of Garibaldi's wife is so vague that it is impossible to identify the lady. His first wife, Anita, died in 1848. Some time afterwards he married a lady of rank, but separated from her the same day. On retiring to Caprera he took a "tally wife," Francesca, a peasant woman, by whom he had his special pet, Clelia. She is quite a feminine savage, as wild as any adventurer could wish, climbs trees, rows, swims, scales rocks, and by all sorts of reckless actions greatly pleases the old soldier.

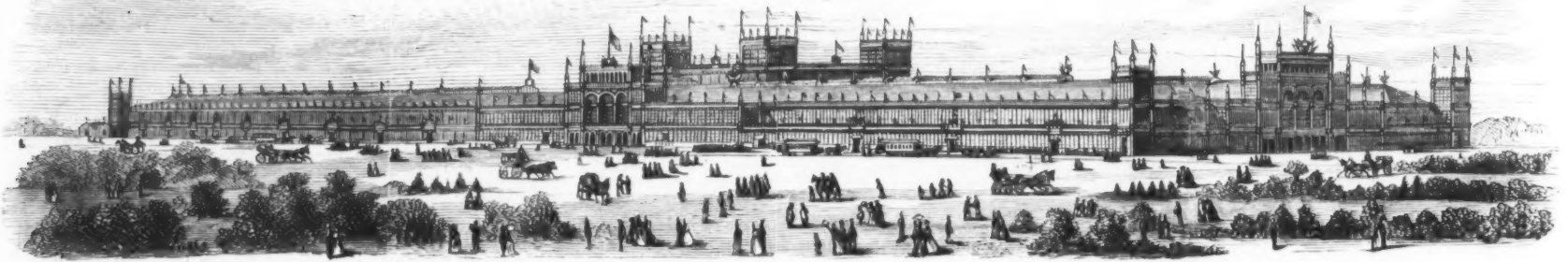
SINCE Thurlow Weed published his *Reminiscences of the Anti-Masonic Crusade* curious stories of the now famous Morgan are cropping out. A. P. Rogers, of Anoka, Mich., says the great discloser of secrets was not put out of the way by Masons, but voluntarily sought the wildernesses of Maine and lived there as a hermit. Another one who knows all about it says Morgan was seen in 1830 at Smyrna, Asia Minor, attired in Turkish costume, and that the Masons had furnished him money, so that he could be transported from his home lodge to a foreign one.

THE leaders in the recently attempted negro insurrection in Georgia are "General" Joe Morris and Prince Rivers. The former was raised by Colonel Robert Morrison of Augusta, and is a thorough African, who has long desired to be a major-general of something. He had supported himself of late by teaching school, but did not let this business necessity overcloud the main purpose. He had a large number of daring negroes enrolled as couriers, and shows that he had all the colored people of his neighborhood in subjection to him. Prince Rivers is said to be a Major-General of Militia in South Carolina. He served in the Union Army during a portion of the war, and at its close became Intendant of the town of Hamburg. He is a tall, slender, black man, with a high forehead, long and well-combed mustache and beard, and looks about fifty years old. He denies, in cautious language, all knowledge of the proposed riot.

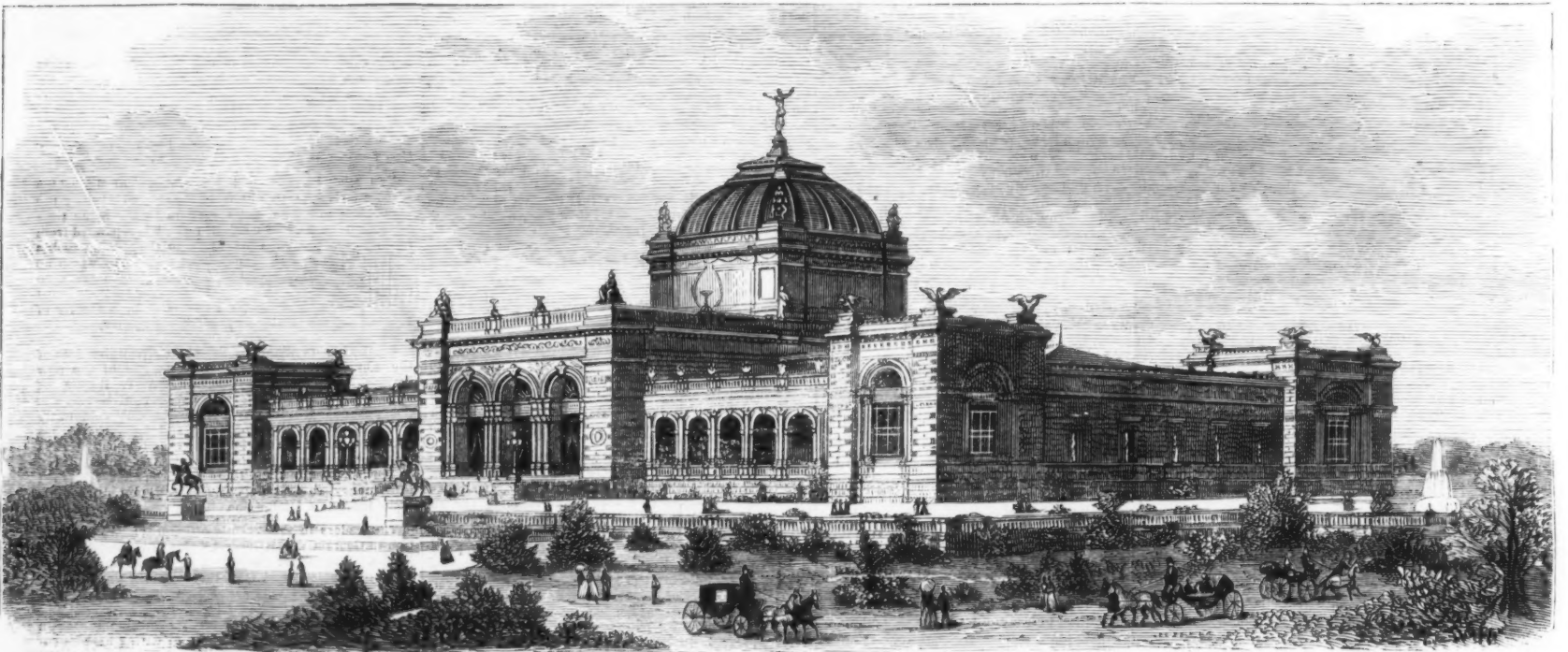
ABDUL AZIZ KAHN, Sultan of Turkey, who appears to have his hands pretty full just now, was born in February, 1830, and ascended the throne in 1861. He is the thirty-second sovereign of the line of Osman, founder of the Turkish Empire, and the twenty-sixth since Mahomed II. made Constantinople the capital. Very little was known of the present ruler up to the time of his accession, as the sovereignty passes to the brother instead of the son, and the heir-apparent is compelled to live in strict seclusion until the monarch's death. His life of late years has attained world-wide repute for the prudence, sagacity and fidelity with which he has carried on the development of his empire. The *émules* between the Khedive of Egypt and himself have happily become of a rare occurrence, and both potentates are clearing away the superstitious clouds of the past and letting a flood of the practical light of civilization illumine and warm their ancient possessions.

WE knew it would be disclosed some time. The eccentric young King of Bavaria, godfather to "Tannhauser," bosom-friend of Wagner, and palace-roof-agriculturalist, has, like other mortals, had his little love affair. The lady was his cousin, the Princess Sophie, and the first cause of attraction was her cleverness as a singer and actress. During their betrothal she frequently sang *Elsa* in costume to the King's *Lohengrin*, and the day was bright and happy. The Princess was extravagantly fond of dried fruit, which the King abominated as he did politics. He begged her to cease eating such food. She refused. The "fairy prince" threw her bust out of the window, broke some furniture, and then, rushing to his favorite castle of Berg, he wrote to his uncle, Duke Maximilian, to come and take his daughter home, as he released her from the engagement. And the day was dark and dreary. The Princess has since married a grandson of Louis Philippe, le Duc d'Alençon.

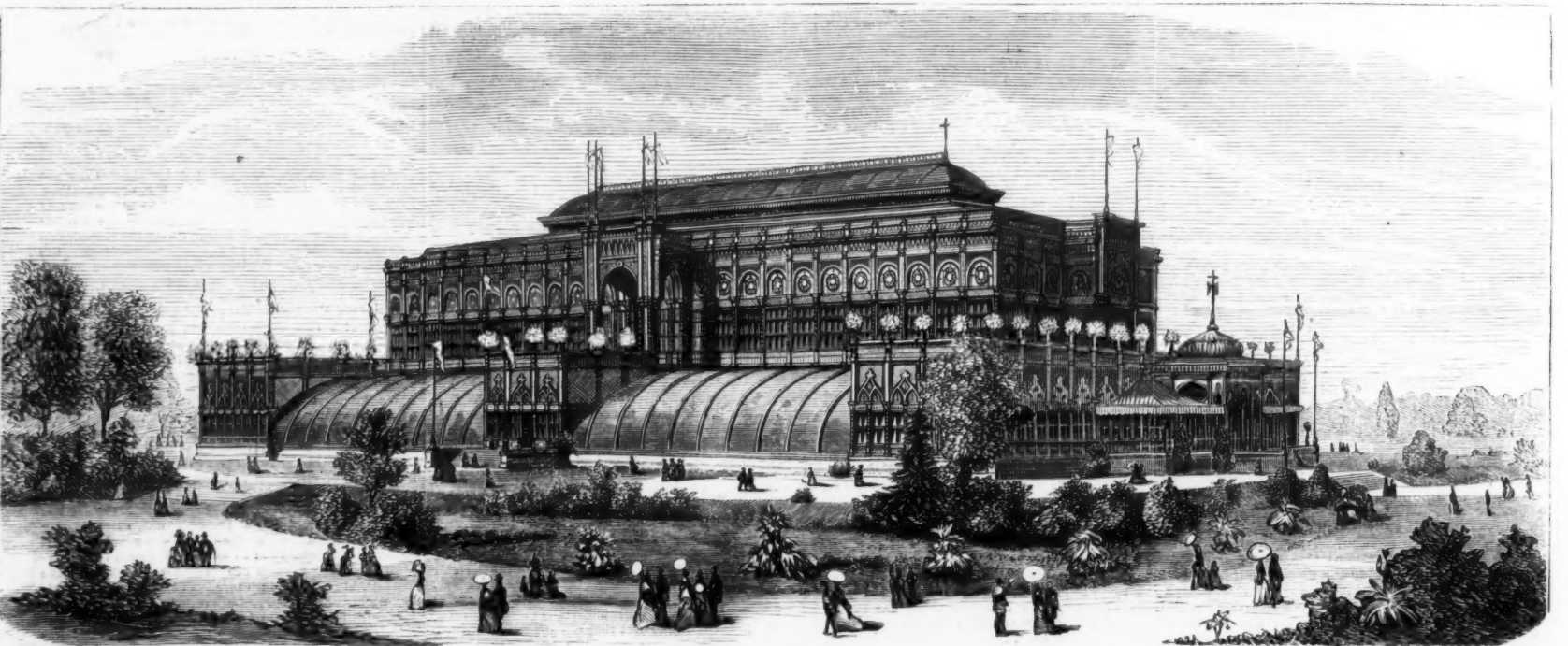
THE American colonels in the service of the Khedive of Egypt receive as pay forty-six guineas per month, with allowances for quarters and duty in the provinces. Contracts are made for five years, with the right of renewal on the part of the Government. Traveling expenses from the United States are paid, and in case of an honorable discharge the return expenses, with six months' full pay, are granted. If an officer is obliged to resign on account of the climate, he receives two months' pay and mileage home. In case of death from ordinary causes, the widow or family receives one year's full pay; but if killed in battle, or wounded so that death ensues, his widow receives a pension equal to half his pay, which is continued until her death or remarriage, when it is divided among the children until the boys become of age and the girls marry. An oath of fidelity is exacted, and all American officers are obliged to renounce the protection of our diplomatic agents abroad, and trust whatever causes that may arise to the Egyptian tribunals. The most prominent Yankee Colonels are Long, who made the famous expedition to Mecca, and who is now visiting the western countries to complete preparations for another; Purdy, who reached the capital of Darfur, and found an abundance of water in the Nile between that point and his camp; and Colston, who is now penetrating the interior by a still different route. Generals Stone, Gordon and Loring are great favorites with the Khedive, and exceedingly efficient soldiers, while Professor Mitchell, the geologist, is so entranced with his explorations that it would be difficult to draw him away. He has discovered two gold mines between the Red Sea and the Nile that had been worked in ancient times, with the shafts still open, and he is about trying his hand at mining. Life in Egypt is very exciting, but there is no opening for droues.



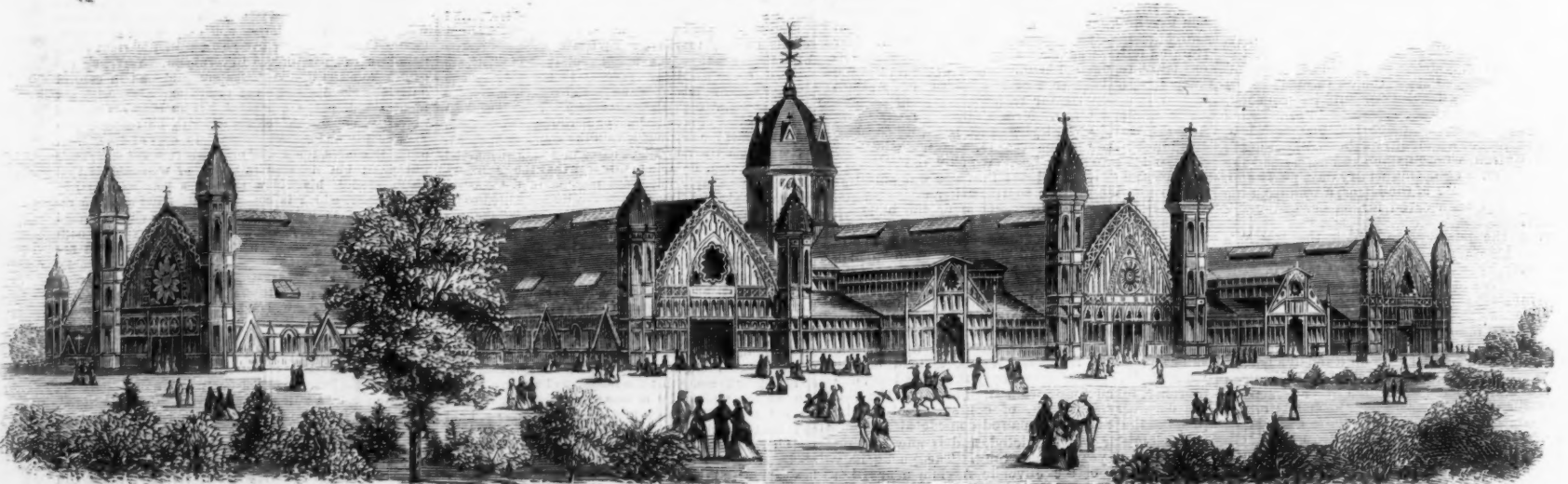
THE MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.



THE ART GALLERY.

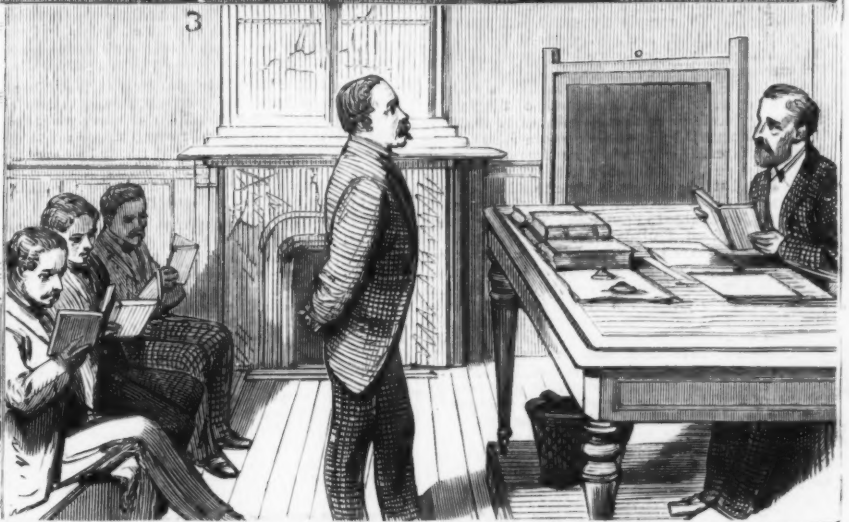


THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.



THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE BUILDINGS FOR THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION, 1876, AT FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 14.



NO. 1. TRIAL OF POLICEMEN. NO. 2. THE AWKWARD SQUAD. NO. 3. THE SCHOOLROOM.



THE DORMITORY FOR LOST CHILDREN—PARENTS IN SEARCH OF THE LITTLE WANDERERS.

THE CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

THE holding of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, to commemorate the Centennial Anniversary of our National Independence is now assured. Its instigators and promoters have met with many obstacles and disappointments, but they can now feel assured that the project will be successfully carried out. The movement received the sanction of the United States Government by an Act of Congress, approved March 3d, 1871, providing for a National Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Independence of the United States, by the holding of an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures and Products of the Soil and Mine, in the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1876.

Local prejudices and State jealousies prevented Congress assisting the enterprise financially, and in any country but our own the lack of Government support would have been enough to have killed the project; but the native energy and individual perseverance of our people have overcome all difficulties, and there is a fair prospect that the exhibition to be held on the banks of the Schuylkill will successfully rival the World's Fairs that have been fostered by lavish expenditures from royal treasuries. It will be a fresh vindication of the doctrine of the capabilities of the masses, and a fitting evidence of what can be done by the people, unassisted by the bounty of a strong central government, and unencumbered by the dictation and patronage of a titled or privileged class.

The people of Pennsylvania, and particularly of Philadelphia, have been generous in their contributions to the funds necessary to insure the successful inauguration of the enterprise, and other States and cities have nobly stepped forward to aid in the project. Already \$4,750,000 are assured by appropriations, subscriptions and donations, and the Centennial Board of Finance feel confident that before the close of the year the balance of the amount required, according to the estimates, will be subscribed. To completely carry out the programme, \$3,500,000 are still deemed necessary, which it is proposed to secure by sales of the stock to citizens of the United States. This stock is issued in shares of \$10 each, and every holder is entitled to an interest in the total proceeds of the Exhibition; therefore, so far as each subscriber interests his friends and neighbors to co-operate, so far as he has his own interests increased. The Memorial Certificate is now ready for delivery to all who have subscribed, and it will be sent at once to all who wish, on receipt of its value, either in post-office order or check, made payable to Frederick Fraley, Treasurer 904 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

The steel engraved certificate itself will ever remain a memorial of our interest in the occasion, and it is hoped and believed that few Americans will not, ere the expiration of this year, secure to themselves this evidence of their interest in the common welfare of their country. The certificate is engraved by the United States Treasury Department, and is in every respect a model. The Engraving Bureau of the Treasury deserving great credit for the admirable manner in which it is produced.

The ground selected for the site of the Exhibition is in Fairmount Park, and contains an area of 236 acres. Here, in the midst of beautiful scenery, are being erected the various buildings required, which will be magnificent specimens of architecture. The following figures will give some idea of the extent of the principal buildings: Dimensions of Main Building, 1,880 feet by 464 feet, covering 20 acres; Art Gallery, 210 feet by 365 feet, 1 1/2 acres; Machinery Hall, 360 feet by 1,402 feet, 14 acres; Horticultural Hall, 160 feet by 350 feet, 1 1/2 acres; Agricultural Hall, 540 feet by 820 feet, 10 acres; United States Government Exhibition Building, 360 feet by 300 feet, 1 1/2 acres; Office of the Administration, 80 feet by 324 feet, 1/4 acre.

Thirty-six foreign nations have signified their intention to take part in the Great Exposition, and our own citizens will undoubtedly come forward promptly and insure a proper representation of our varied industries and products. The Exhibition will open on May 10th, 1876, and close on November 10th, 1876.

We give this week views of some of the principal buildings. The Art Gallery and Horticultural Hall are to be permanent buildings, to stand for all time as fitting memorials of the Great Exhibition. The former, which will be completed on January 1st, 1876, will cost \$1,500,000; and the latter is to cost \$251,937.

IRISH REVERENCE.

THERE is a great deal of infidelity sometimes to be met with amongst the lower classes in Ireland, and, on the other hand, there exists much genuine simple and rightly-directed faith and reverence, even amongst the most humble and illiterate. The Lord is spoken of with bated breath, and in tones of love that all would do well to imitate. An oleograph copy of a great picture representing the Saviour crowned with thorns was recently exhibited in a shop-window. A crowd of admirers gathered round it. Presently an old market-woman came down the street. Her eye was caught at once, and she remained riveted to the spot upon which she stood. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She swayed her body backwards and forwards, as a person in great grief is wont to do, and she unconsciously set up a low wail or keening of sorrow for the sufferings of her Master, whom she thus saw represented. Her genuine feeling was most touching and instructive to behold.

DRESSING AS A FINE ART.

WOMEN should either adopt a uniform, as men have done, or else dressmaking should be elevated into the position of a fine art, and treated as such. It should be undertaken by people of culture and refinement, in the same way that cookery has been. There ought to be a school of art in dressmaking. Perhaps a royal princess would patronize it. Certainly, portrait-painters would be only too glad to know of a place at which their sitters could be becomingly got up. It is melancholy to see the bad millinery which is being perpetuated in pictures, and which will be an eyesore to future generations. The walls of the Royal Academy are every year hung with portraits which look like enlarged copies from *Le Follet* or the *Queen* newspaper. Ladies can never see ugliness in a dress so long as it is made in the height of the reigning fashion. They have their portraits taken, if possible, in "the last new thing," and then, when another style appears, wonder they could ever have made such frights of themselves. If there were some recognized rules about dressing, as there are about almost every other kind of decoration, in time they would be followed, to the great relief of people of taste, and to the comfort of people with no taste at all. There are always a large number of ladies who say they have got no work to do. Here is an opening for them. The first step

ought to be to petition Her Majesty not to insist upon ladies who are delicate or spare in figure wearing low dresses at morning drawing-rooms. Their second one ought to be to abolish the use of the word "fashionable," in its present sense, and to substitute for it the word "becoming," which would indicate both economy where it is necessary and magnificence where it is suitable.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.—THE MEANS BY WHICH EVERY LADY MAY BECOME HER OWN DRESS-MAKER.—Our new Catalogue of Fall and Winter Fashions is now ready, and contains a rare and beautiful selection of the latest and most acceptable designs for every department of Ladies', Misses', Children's and Youths' garments, which will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp, post free. Address, "FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL CUT PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway, New York City." Also, our large and complete Catalogue, neatly printed on tinted paper, and containing over one hundred pages of illustrated fashions, may be procured at any of our agencies, or at the above address. Price, for paper covers, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents, post-paid. Our handsome Fashion-plate, which is also at hand, reproduces the most elegant Ladies' and Children's costumes for the coming season. Every dressmaker and milliner should avail herself of this splendid opportunity to obtain a truthful and correct idea of the most practical styles, and also of the prevailing shades and colors. Will be mailed to any address for 50 cents in black, and \$1 if colored.

FUN.

WHY is a hotel ghost like an exciseman? Because it is an *inn* spectre.

A BEHEAVED New York lady went to her minister, asking him to come and perform the funeral service of her fourth husband, he having officiated for the three who had previously disappeared from the public view. "Why, madame, how is this?" asked the reverend gentleman. "Ah, it is mighty bad," she replied. "There was never a poor woman worn down with such a lot of dying men as I've been."

He was a good singer, and the boys at the club always liked to hear him. "Home, home; there's no place like home!" He rolled it out so sweetly and feelingly, it brought tears to their eyes, and then he went home and sneaked round the back way and up over the woodshed into the bedroom, so that his wife couldn't catch him at a disadvantage on the stairway. "Home, home; there's no place like home!"

THE other day, while a packet was dropping some people at Vicksburg, a small colored boy, whose parents were passengers aboard, fell into the river, and was rescued in a half-drowned condition. He could have easily been pulled out by a negro floating along in a skiff, and when some one swore at the darkey for his lethargy, he replied: "Dis yere is my last paper collar, and de boy was kicking water like an alligator."

GEORGE WASHINGTON couldn't tell a lie, and that's what ails the average Vicksburg boy. The other day, when one of them accidentally broke a pane of glass in a store-window, it was touching to see him walk bravely into the store and up to the merchant, and say: "Mr. Blank, I broke a pane of glass in the window there, and you can charge it to the old man's account. Put it down as a pound of salaratus, and he'll never know the difference."

WHEN the Earl of Bradford was brought before Lord Chancellor Loughborough to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the Chancellor asked him: "How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, "a live or a dead sheep?" "Is it not the same thing?" said the Chancellor. "No, my lord," said Lord Bradford; "there is much difference; a living sheep may have four legs, a dead sheep has only two. There are but two legs of mutton; the two fore legs are shoulders."

A PARTY of French wits once stopped at a tavern. When the feast was over, one of the members called in the hostess. "Angélique," he said, "I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you not heard of the great Platonic year, when everything must return to its former condition? Know then, that in sixteen thousand years we shall be here again on the same day and at the same hour. Will you give us credit till then?" The hostess, however, had her reply. "I am perfectly willing," she returned; "but it is just sixteen thousand years since you were here before, and you left without paying; settle the old score, and I will trust you on the new."

Seldom do we meet with so numerous a list of well-known and able story-writers as this week grace the pages of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER. With the combined talent of Isabella Valancy Crawford, Amanda M. Douglas, Susan Archer Weiss, Mary Grace Halpine, Elizabeth Macay, Frank H. Norton, and Frank Mercer—contributing, respectively, "Hate," "Won Under Protest," "The House in the Forest," "The 'Widder' Frees Her Mind," "Miss Johnson," "Double and Quits," and "Florella," illustrated by Hyde, Becker, Berghaus, Taylor, and Miranda—a combination of talent and genius rarely combined in a single week's issue of any publication is secured. A full-page engraving, "Capture of Eagles," "A Venetian Serenade," "The Four-legged Thief," and "Baby's Exploits," make up the other art-contributions. "Sketches of Self-made Men" is illustrated by a portrait and sketch of Anson Stager, Chicago. The CHIMNEY CORNER has become the organ of the best writers of the day, as attested the contribution, in Nos. 535 and 536, from Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and in No. 539—ready September 11th—the opening chapters of "Madame," by Frank Lee Benedict. Send \$4 for one year's subscription, or \$1 for three months, to Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, New York. Single copies 10 cents at news-stands, or sent post-paid.

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The Willcox & Gibbs Sewing-machine Company have just placed upon the market their new Silent Sewing-machine, with automatic tension. This is the most marvelous improvement of the day in Sewing-machines. In practical utility it eclipses everything hitherto invented. There is no care of tension required on this machine, and perfect work is guaranteed on any kind or thickness of material. Main Office: No. 655 Broadway, New York.

A Verdict in Accordance with Proofs.

The verdict of the public in favor of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters differs from some that might be mentioned, in being in strict accordance with the proofs repeatedly adduced, in support of the claims of America's most popular remedy. It may well be doubted if there was ever a medicine in substantiation of whose merits such a mass of unsolicited testimony has accumulated. An examination of this testimony establishes a fact of the last importance to the sick and debilitated, as well as those who are exposed to unfavorable influences of climate—namely, that the Bitters are an unequalled tonic, an active and thorough specific for every disorder of the digestive, biliary and excretory organs, a reliable means of regulating the discharge of the most important functions of the body, and a supreme protective against intermittent and remittent fevers, and all other diseases to which malaria gives birth.

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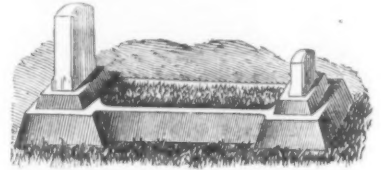
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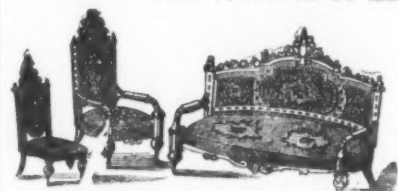
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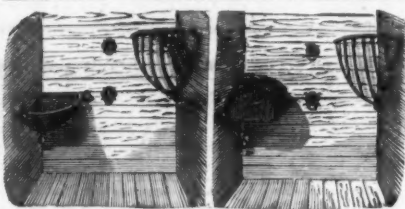
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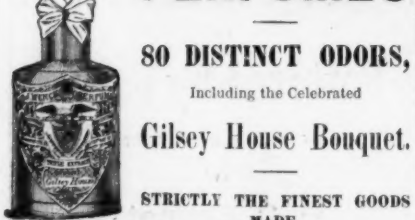
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